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Alive Hughes.

LADY HERMIONE HERBERT.

104, Elbury Street, S.W.1.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

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THE THREATENED TIMBER FAMINE

ONE of the most important subjects discussed at Toronto has been the rapid and wasteful manner in which we are using up timber. We are talking of the world supply, but it is really the British Empire which ought to take the matter in hand. The situation is that the forests are gradually being depleted and planting is proceeding at no rate that at all compares with that of the exhaustion. Anyone who looks at the question even casually must recognise that this is an absolutely true statement of the case. Things have changed very much since the time when the substitution of ironclads for oak timber in shipping was thought to be a good reason for neglecting our woods and forests. There had not up to that time been any use of timber comparable with what goes on to-day. Our streets in a larger measure than ever are paved with timber, and in this way a new use has been found for the elm, that used to be a magnificent tree only in growth, for when it was cut down it had little value save that of making coffins. Its capacity for enduring dampness and hard wear makes it ideal for street paving. This is but one way in which the use of timber has enormously increased. In building, the quantity needed is many times over what it was fifty years ago, and it would take a page of this paper to enumerate the ways in which boxes are employed now in comparison with the state of things a comparatively short time since. It is safe to say that they are now used by the million where they were once used by the thousand. In modern mining, also, there is an enormous increase in the demand for pit props.

The question is, how are we to meet the new requirement? Professor Story, who is Chairman of the Forestry Commission and also a very great expert, holds that the Empire might be self-supplying if the proper steps were taken. Canada itself could very nearly meet our wants, but, unfortunately, the Dominion has not, up to now, taken the greatest care of its forests, and has suffered immensely from fire. Comparatively few people know the exact extent of this danger. It is extremely difficult for them to realise that young trees covered with green verdure should blaze so easily. They do not think of the resin that makes them so inflammable. The present writer was witness of an outbreak of fire in a small plantation of his own in early spring. At that time of last year, grasses were dry and rustling in the breeze. Somebody threw a lighted match among them and in a second the little spinney was on fire. For a while it blazed up to the skies, but, fortunately, there were near by a plentiful supply of water and many willing hands, so that the outbreak was conquered; but still it left a black gap as witness to the accident. We mention it only to show the ease with which coniferous trees can be burnt down, even in the freshness of spring.

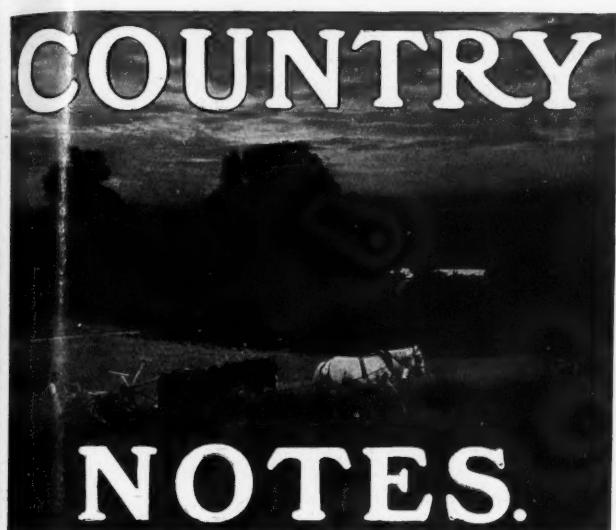
In the old forests of Canada it is impossible to take the precautions adopted in such countries as Holland and Belgium, where the softer wood plantings are a reliable guard against fire. A most effectual means of preventing it is to plant a broad shelter of deciduous trees around the borders. We assume that the method of laying out the new woodlands has not been to cover the surface with so many solid acres, but to plant in squares, with spaces between, so that each plot may be surrounded by its fireproof border. Precautions like this are taken in Canada at the present moment in regard to new planting, but the old forests are still very vulnerable. It is said that there is evidence that the outbreaks now very seldom occur from natural causes such as lightning. They are more often accidents due to people who camp out or make picnics in woodlands. Naturally, they light fires to cook or heat their food, and the majority are ignorant of the danger run.

Such precautions would help us to economise in timber, but there must also be a great deal of planting done to make up for the cutting. England itself is estimated to have about 5,000,000 acres of land at present bearing practically no useful crop, and yet, on account of our temperate climate and other natural advantages, almost ideal for forestry. Planting is going on to an extent that is considerable compared with what was taking place in the years immediately before the war, but not yet on a scale that would be of any practical use in obviating a famine. Very much more must be done, and delay is costly as well as dangerous. It takes about twenty years to grow the pit-prop class of timber, and about double that time to get trees that would be of any use in the sawmill. We therefore hope that the warnings that are being issued just now will result in speeding up the planting of trees at home, as well as in other parts of our great Empire. Anyone who travels through the country may see with his own eyes some of the 5,000,000 acres that, according to Professor Story, might be advantageously utilised for growing timber. There are very few counties that could not add to their forest area, with an addition to their landscape beauty as well as to their timber. The distribution of mankind is too thick in the cities and too thin by far in the open country, and forestry is only one of many employments that might tempt people back to the land.

Our Frontispiece

LADY HERMIONE HERBERT is the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Powis. Her engagement was recently announced to the Conte Roberto Lucchesi Palli, eldest son of the Conte Carlo Lucchesi Palli, Principe di Campo France e Duca della Grazia, of Palermo and Venice.

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COUNTRY

NOTES.

THE general sense of relief which has followed the signing of what will henceforth be known as the London Agreement does not come from any belief that Continental difficulties have been solved. Everybody is aware that all the tact and goodwill possible will be strained to their utmost in order to get over questions that are still left open. Nevertheless, a great success has been achieved. Europe appeared to be threatened with absolute chaos, and for a long time it has been difficult for the most cheerful optimist to see a way of escape from the Red Terror which hung over the prospect. It is the chief merit of the Agreement that it has set the ball rolling in a right direction. It means, among other things, that the various parties to the dispute have seen the wisdom and, indeed, the necessity of trying to appreciate the attitude of those who differ from them. Although more animosities were active than appeared on the surface, a great advance was made when all the delegates made up their minds to secure the best compromise that was possible. Some of the newspapers are expressing regret that France is not prepared to evacuate the Ruhr at once; they take the high ground that she had no right to be there. That is, however, an extreme view. The Germans, after all, have not done as much as they might in the way of reparation, and the French have not forgotten the stern measures taken after the war of 1870 by Bismarck and his master. France conceded as much as she could in contracting to leave the Ruhr within twelve months, and the Germans will do well to give no excuse for a prolongation, but, by an earnest policy of peace, endeavour to work for what should be a common object among the Powers—the salvation of Europe.

ORD KNOLLYS, who died on August 15th at the ripe old age of eighty-seven, is best described as the perfect servant of Royalty. For forty years he acted in that capacity, first as private secretary to King Edward when Prince of Wales, from 1870 to 1901, and continued in the same position until King Edward's death. After that he was private secretary to King George till 1913. During all that time he managed, by the exercise of his own good sense and a tact not less useful, to serve the interests of the King without on any occasion estranging the affection of his friends. In a very literal sense he may be said to have been born for the particular career which he followed. His father, General the Right Hon. Sir William Knollys, was Queen Victoria's Comptroller of the Household on its formation at Marlborough House, and his second son, Francis, was thus familiar from youth with the ways of the Court and also brought into early contact with the Prince of Wales. That he fulfilled his duties admirably is the testimony of all who had anything to do with him, great or small.

THE very able annual report of the Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health is in part a message of comfort and in part one leading to certain disquieting reflections. The general health of the country is better

than it has ever been before. Many diseases that used to claim an annual roll of victims have been met and conquered by a more scientific and enlightened treatment. Others are not yet understood so well. Diphtheria and typhoid fever have become manageable; scarlet fever, influenza and encephalitis lethargica are still unconquered. The most suggestive part of the Report, however, is that which deals with the proportionate number of living people ranged according to their ages. The effects of a lower birth rate are far from being nullified by better care of infants, the consequence being that there is a very serious decrease in the infant population and a large increase in those of riper years. The process has been going on for something like half a century, and, if continued, must lead first to stagnancy and then to a decreasing population. The abundance of children remains now, as it always was, the best sign of national vigour. This is a consideration well worth pondering at a time when so many efforts are being made to decrease the population of the country and to hinder its natural expansion. Some are as healthy as they are wise. Provided that the maintenance of empire is steadily kept in view, there is no harm in transferring workers from one part of it to another; but to restrict population is to invite and pursue national decadence. We cannot forget that a lowered birth rate very nearly brought about the ruin of France.

THE paper read to the Royal Geographical Society by Mr. O. G. S. Crawford, and noticed in these columns about a year ago, has just been published, with additional photographs, by the Ordnance Survey Department. From the more untouched regions—especially the chalk uplands and the moors of the West Country and Yorkshire—aerial photography can reproduce a veritable "palimpsest," to use Mr. Crawford's expressive word, of the roads, settlements and the agricultural systems prevailing before, during and after the Roman occupation. Research and speculation since Seehom's time had already reached the conclusion that the long strip characteristic of the open field system was a Saxon importation and that the existing British arrangement included a number of more or less rectangular fields, as can be found yet in parts of Ireland and more remote Scotland. The Saxons tended to settle in the valleys, the Celts to remain on the hills in positions that inevitably decreased in prosperity. Seehom argued that the open strip system was found established by the Saxons. Aerial photography finally disposes of this theory and shows the earlier, rectangular field systems intact as they were gradually abandoned when the Britons were convinced of the advantages of Saxon methods.

NAME AND OCCUPATION UNKNOWN.

She found the workhouse nurse was kind,
She found the ward was warm and gay,
She lay in silence, vague her mind.
When tea-time came they'd hear her mutter,
Every day:
"But then, you know, I always had thin bread-and-butter."

She'd take a thick slice from her tray,
Across her face her scorn would flutter.
"When? Where?" The busy nurse would stay
Beside her bed,
Hoping to find a fragile thread
Of memory. She'd only say:
"Oh, nurse, you know I always had thin bread-and-butter."

ISABEL BUTCHART.

THERE is a great deal to be said in favour of an idea that has been set forth by Mr. Edward A. Jolly, a prominent member of the London Lincolnshire Society. He estimates that there are in London from twenty to thirty societies in connection with the various counties. The total membership is something over fifteen thousand, the members for the greater part being natives of the county which the society represents who have pitched their tent in London. There is no doubt of their forming a very intelligent and useful part of the population. Several of them publish Year Books full of interesting matter.

Mr. Jolly's notion is that they should unite to form an "English Counties Club," and the suggestion seems to be an excellent one. It would bring men of the same tastes together and give them fruitful opportunities for spreading a wider knowledge of the localities to which they belong.

IT is a rare if not unique event to find two countries competing against one another in "Test Matches" at different games on the same day. This happened on Saturday last. The British Rugby football team met South Africa at Durban and the last of the five cricket matches between South Africa and England was begun at the Oval. At Durban our men were beaten by seven points to three, but they were certainly not disgraced. They made a hard fight of it although they have been very unlucky in the matter of accidents, and both Voyce and Young, invaluable players, were out of action. There is, therefore, no reason to be downhearted about the remaining matches. At the Oval the South African cricketers, who certainly have not been lucky either, won the toss, and after beginning with the apparently inevitable "run out," made a far better show than in any of the previous matches. Mr. Susskind gave a display of stone-walling which was hardly exhilarating, but was admirable and useful in its resolute resistance to temptation. Mr. Catterall, to the general regret, just failed to make his third hundred in this series of Test Matches. In other matches his achievements have been disappointingly modest, but when the big occasion has arrived he has always risen to it nobly, and that is a sure mark of quality in any game player.

MANY middle-aged golfers must have taken heart again when they read their Sunday morning's paper and have gone out to play full of renewed hope and vigour. It contained encouraging news, for Saturday saw the triumph of two golfers whom it is not defamatory to call veterans. Mr. Edward Blackwell, who is fifty-eight, won the Town Bowl at Harlech, and Mr. de Montmorency, who is fifty-three, won for the second successive year the annual tournament which is played over the Eden Course at St. Andrews. Both competitions attract a number of good golfers. To Harlech go many of the best players in the Midlands, and on the Eden Course are found many of those fine Scottish golfers who are not so well known as they deserve because they so seldom play away from their home courses. To win either tournament a man must not only play well, but he must go on playing well round after round. It is in this respect that age usually finds out the player. For one match or one day he may screw himself up to play as well as ever he did in his life, but he is apt to feel a certain lack of zest on the following morning. It is that fact that makes these two victories so remarkable, and we congratulate both victors as warmly as we can without unduly emphasising their years.

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD, in his annual review, says there are well over a million allotments in the country, and a pressure for more. It comes mostly from town-dwellers who find in the growing of flowers and vegetables a change and relief from their accustomed work. In the country more people have gardens, and those whose daily work is on the land are not so keen on an allotment as town industrialists. In allotment-holders the country has a valuable asset that is likely to become more valuable in the future. They are acquiring a knowledge of land and its cultivation which would be of the greatest use to the country in time of need. In the meantime, it is best for them to grow for their own consumption, because, on the whole, that is more remunerative than working for a market where there are many competitors. But were the need of which we had experience during the war to occur, they would contribute considerably towards the solution of the food problem.

THERE still remains a mass of unpublished Walpole MS. as great as that already edited and printed. Some, no doubt, will never see the light, being not worth

the expense of publication. But a great deal is of real interest, such as the journal of Horace Walpole's visits to Paris, of which fragments were given by Dr. Paget Toynbee in the *Times* last week. The first of these visits was made in 1765 and resulted in the acquisition of many prints, books and knick-knacks for Strawberry Hill, which, as described recently in our pages, Walpole was then engaged in completing. Interesting details of the expenses of the journey are given, including five guineas as a share for hiring a packet boat, and a tip of one guinea to the captain; and showing the disadvantages of unpunctual land travel, when, if you arrived at a town after dark, you would find the gates closed and be compelled to "lie in a miserable Cabaret in the Faubourg." But most interesting of all the entries is the origin of the remarkable friendship of Walpole and Mme. du Deffand. On September 17th Walpole thus records the event, from which it seems he was not immediately impressed: "After dinner . . . to the Opera: to Mme. du Deffand, a blind old lady, of Wit. Supped there . . . they proposed to me to translate to her a scene of Rowe's *Ambitious Stepmother* . . . I took care not to expose myself." Before "Lilac-tide" brought him back to Strawberry, Walpole was going to the old lady's almost daily, and on the journey home wrote to her no less than three times.

FAIRIES IN THE GREEN PARK.

They say the Fairies in the Green Park
Come before dark.
I hope they do,
(And I'm so happy here with you).
Only five minutes more under the plane
Tree. . . . Sit down again.
I know you said
That it was time to go to bed,
But it's so light
To-night. . . .
Please stay,
We can hear the music play
In the Ritz. And see quite plain
Through the great clear window-pane
The shining hair and swinging pearls
Of the golden boys and girls—
And many coloured frocks
Like hollyhocks . . .
So very slender, and so tall
They are not boys and girls at all
But bright enchanted things
With hidden wings
Who dance before delaying dark
In the Green Park.

G. JAMES.

BAD pennies, we know, have the knack of turning up. But such, apparently, is the immorality of the times that good pennies find the utmost difficulty in getting into circulation. There are so many of them. The invention, some twenty years ago, of automatic machines and the era, initiated by the "tuppenny Tube," of cheap travel created an unprecedented demand for "coppers," which was met by a great increase of supply, especially after the war. The last forty years of the nineteenth century did not together produce more than half the quantity of pence struck during the twenty-two years of the twentieth (not twenty-four, for no pennies at all have been issued for two years). There are now seven million pounds' worth of pennies in existence, and in spite of the stoppage more than half of this amount has been issued during the present reign. But a very large proportion is "out of work," hoarded, unwillingly, by gas and transport companies which have acquired them through meters and slot machines, but cannot now get rid of them. When Christmas comes round there is a demand by shopkeepers for pennies as small change, and, presumably, there exists a mysterious person, in the recesses of the Mint or the Bank of England, who will tell them where they can "get change" to their cashier's content. But meanwhile, when a more than usually disreputable tramp turns up at our door and denies being a "bad penny," we shall know he is one of the good ones "out of circulation."

WILD AFRICA IN PRINT & PICTURE

Stalking Big Game with a Camera, by M. Maxwell. (Published by the Medici Society, £12 12s.)

It is a thousand pities that a book of this kind, with its beautiful pictures showing the home life of the most interesting of all animals, should be accessible to so small a public. There must be thousands to whom it would make a strong appeal who will never see it on account of the inevitable expense. The great African pachyderms and the freakish giraffe grip our imagination from earliest childhood as no lesser animals do, if we except the lion, whose life, however, is rendered comparatively well known to us by the fact of its being common in menageries and the subject of innumerable pictures and stories.

The giants of Africa are mostly familiar to us in their adult stage or behind bars, and to see them as we see them in Mr. Maxwell's photographs pursuing their daily occupations takes us in spirit across the thousands of miles separating us from their tropical home to the wild places which only a few of us have visited. It is one thing to see these wonders of nature and another to make close and detailed observation of their habits, and then to record them with illustrations that are not so much copies of nature, but Nature herself in all her beauty and terror. Mr. Maxwell has made the most of his opportunities. He has added to our knowledge of the habits of these animals. His pages on the gait and paces of the various beasts show him to



A FACE-TO-FACE ENCOUNTER WITH A MASAI BULL ELEPHANT AT EIGHT YARDS.



THE ELEPHANTS FINALLY DECIDED TO

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have qualified himself by a study of the subject, making his observations of real value. What strikes one most throughout the book is the modesty in his astounding achievements which, I fear, may mislead readers into thinking that because he escaped with his life there was no great danger. That is the worst of an Englishman. His descriptions are apt to deprive the reader of the real thrill of a situation through an innate hatred of the appearance of egotism or exaggeration. The more flamboyant style of some Continental writers conveys more to the ordinary reader. Schillings, a great German hunter and photographer, whom Mr. Maxwell mentions several times, had a very different style. "The gigantic pachyderm is upon me, which way shall I turn? My heart is in my mouth," etc. That is the sort of description that leaves nothing to the imagination. But in the book under review if you have not the intelligence to realise the appalling risks run, Mr. Maxwell will not help you. He gives you a clear account with a view to interesting you in the behaviour and habits of the animals themselves, and says as little as possible of his own exploits. There is a lot in this, but the real value of the books written by Englishmen such as Selous, Sutherland, Stigand, Swayne and many others lies in their absolute accuracy and the absence of egotism which is the root cause of most inaccuracies. The fact is they are writing for other hunters whose criticism they value, and less for the public who may prefer thrills to exactness.

Now that the modern rifle gives such an overwhelming advantage to the sportsman, shooting has lost its interest to many. Photography beats it hollow. You get twice the thrill when dealing with dangerous game; you get (with luck) something which may give pleasure to many; you taste the joys of real stalking, such stalking as is quite unnecessary when a rifle is to be used; you have endless opportunities of watching the habits of your quarry; and, not least, you can frequently come away leaving the animals as you found them, peacefully grazing.

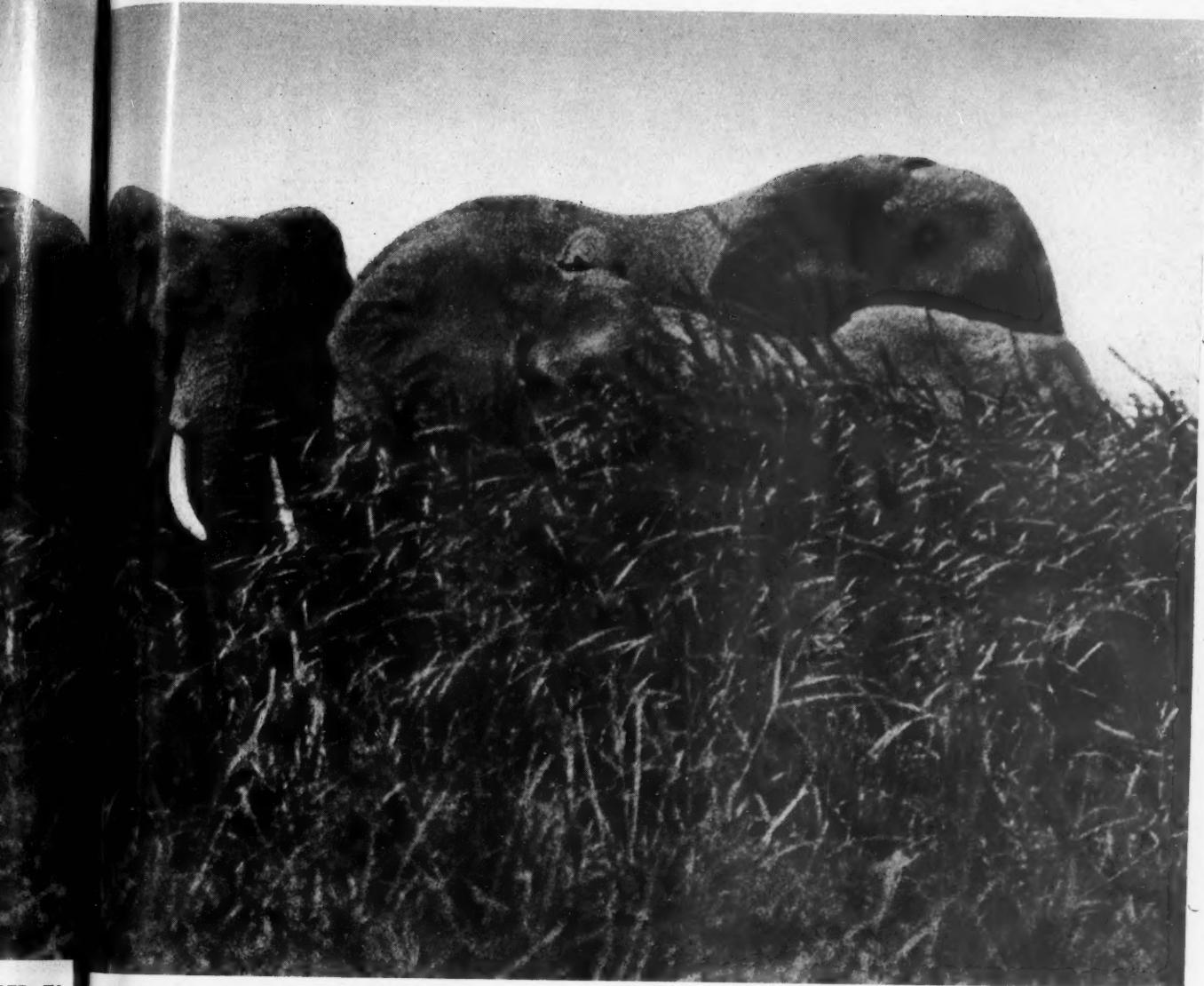
The elephant shown in the illustration facing the camera affords a striking instance of nature's camouflage. Within a few yards is a bull elephant probably eleven feet high. Intervening are a few twigs—no leaves or anything to block the view seriously—yet the elephant has practically disappeared.

I love the description of the younglings taking cover under their mothers in times of danger and of their fear when they

found themselves pushed outside the family circle by the close formation of their guardians. Their panic-stricken endeavours to regain the shelter of their mother's legs makes a pen picture of sheer delight. I remember watching the gambols of young elephants on the White Nile. They wrestled together with their trunks until one was pushed over. It flopped over like a puppy playing. The other gave it a dig as if it really had tusks to dig with, and walked off with all the air of a victor.

The description of a shot elephant being carried along held up by the lateral support of other elephants is most remarkable. One would have expected a brain shot to be so immediate in effect as to make it fall instantaneously. Mr. Maxwell's picture of an elephant rising from the ground shows that neither tusks nor trunk are used to help it to an upright position.

It was a bit of luck finding them in the act of felling a tree. I have never seen elephants actually uprooting a tree, but I have seen a tree shortly after, and it appeared that a good deal had been done to loosen the tree by persistent trampling round the roots. It would be interesting to know if this was the case here. Large ears in animals generally denote good hearing. The Kudu and bush buck and kindred antelopes which have large ears are particularly keen of hearing. This does not apply to the African elephant, nor would one expect it to, as the ears are not shaped to conduct to this end, and Mr. Maxwell considers that their hearing is dull. I have reason to agree with this, as I had an exciting time many years ago on the head waters of the Ruaha, north of Lake Nyassa, where large numbers of elephants inhabited a swamp. A big bull charged, but was unable to locate me in the reeds. I was in water some two feet deep in a quagmire of mud and floating grass in which it was almost impossible to stand. The elephant charged across my front, having lost direction through crossing a deep channel on the way. He stood some thirty yards away, the picture of angry suspicion, his huge ears fully extended and his trunk raised to catch the faintest smell of his enemy. The wind being light and shifty, he succeeded in getting a whiff, but, fortunately, insufficient to allow him to locate me exactly. For long years—or so it seemed—he stood thus, listening and smelling, until I decided to attempt a retreat. The noise in pushing through the cracking reeds and the splash which was unavoidable in my crawling position would have alarmed any ordinary beast at a hundred yards range. But the elephant was deaf to these



IN THE DIRECTION OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

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IN THE LORIAN SWAMP.

seemingly arresting sounds, which was fortunate, as from a distance we saw him not only locate the place I had occupied, but start off nosing along the line of my escape. This bull was a wounded one and as truculent as one could wish to see.

The instance of the bull going off with a calf as companion may be a habit of theirs. I saw a similar instance on the White Nile. A herd I had been busy photographing had crossed a stream and had disappeared into the bush beyond. Lagging behind were a young bull—perhaps six feet high—and a calf about three feet. The bull was evidently playing nursemaid, and the calf, taking full advantage of its mother's absence, was all for staying behind paddling. I tried to get a photograph and stalked to within 25yds., when the calf took fright and uttered a shrill squeal, on which the nursemaid bull dashed into the water to its charge's side, and from the bush some sixty yards away appeared the infuriated mother, ears spread and evidently ready to attack the expected enemy. This bears out the story related here of the attachments between members of a herd.

To the lover of Nature this book will be sheer joy. The descriptions of the herd pleasantly engaged in whiling away the day in gentle intercourse; the relations of mothers and children; the gambols of the juveniles; their likes and dislikes and their behaviour under varied circumstances form pictures as delightful as the unsurpassed illustrations. The comparison of the various sounds made by elephants forms excellent reading and carries the more weight as Mr. Maxwell has an unusual knowledge of the Indian as well as the African elephant, and is able to bring a comparison to bear between the two species.

The indifference which the African elephant shows to climate is remarkable. It is equally at home in the high bamboo forest of Kenya or Kilimanjaro, and the shadeless tracts of the White Nile, the Lorian and other swamps where the heat is appalling. The Wallamba country and the hinterland of the Nile afford practically no shade, and to make matters still hotter, the elephant huddle together for their midday siesta. Hot or cold, it is all the same to them, and yet this does not prevent their being more than particular in their choice of country. Their likes and dislikes seem to us strangely inconsistent and extreme, but the fact is they know what they like and insist on getting it.

Mr. Maxwell comments on their instinct for impending danger. I have noticed this often, especially in the case of rhinos, whose senses are dull. In spite of every precaution, they become restless and suspicious even when it is certain they can neither see, hear, nor smell the intruder. I have attributed this to the vibration of the ground, and should be interested to know if Mr. Maxwell agrees with this view.

The photographs of hippo are, I feel sure, unique. Mr. A. B. Percival obtained some wonderful pictures of hippo in the Lorian, but fortune seems to have made this branch of photography easy for Mr. Maxwell, for the river had dried up to a point at which these animals had perforce to become land-lubbers, ready at all times to sit for him. This is a piece of luck of which Mr. Maxwell took such advantage that he is able to show the gait of a hippo moving at speed.

If ever a good sportsman deserved good luck, it is the author of this book, and one cannot read it through without realising that he had it. The risks he ran were appalling, and even his matter of fact style of writing cannot conceal the fact that he was face to face with death on many an occasion. I like the way in which he attributes his success to the cool and collected way in which his companion permitted him to continue to photograph. I gather from the various incidents that Mr. Barnes was a staunch and experienced hunter worthy to be the hero of any big-game shooting tale, but when you come to look at it in a tight corner it is more reassuring to be armed with a heavy rifle than a camera. Let us take off our hats to two very gallant gentlemen whose efforts have resulted in a book unique in its success in actually showing these strange African giants in their home surroundings. I should like to pay a tribute to the artistic composition of the pictures. It would seem that to photograph a dangerous animal one would need to concentrate on getting the animal in and nothing more. It is clear that Mr. Maxwell's artistic sense impelled him, however exciting the moment, to choose his view so that it made a picture. There are some beautiful photographs of birds and some antelopes, and his giraffe are a revelation to those who have not had the advantage of seeing their gracefully ungainly movements in their native haunts.

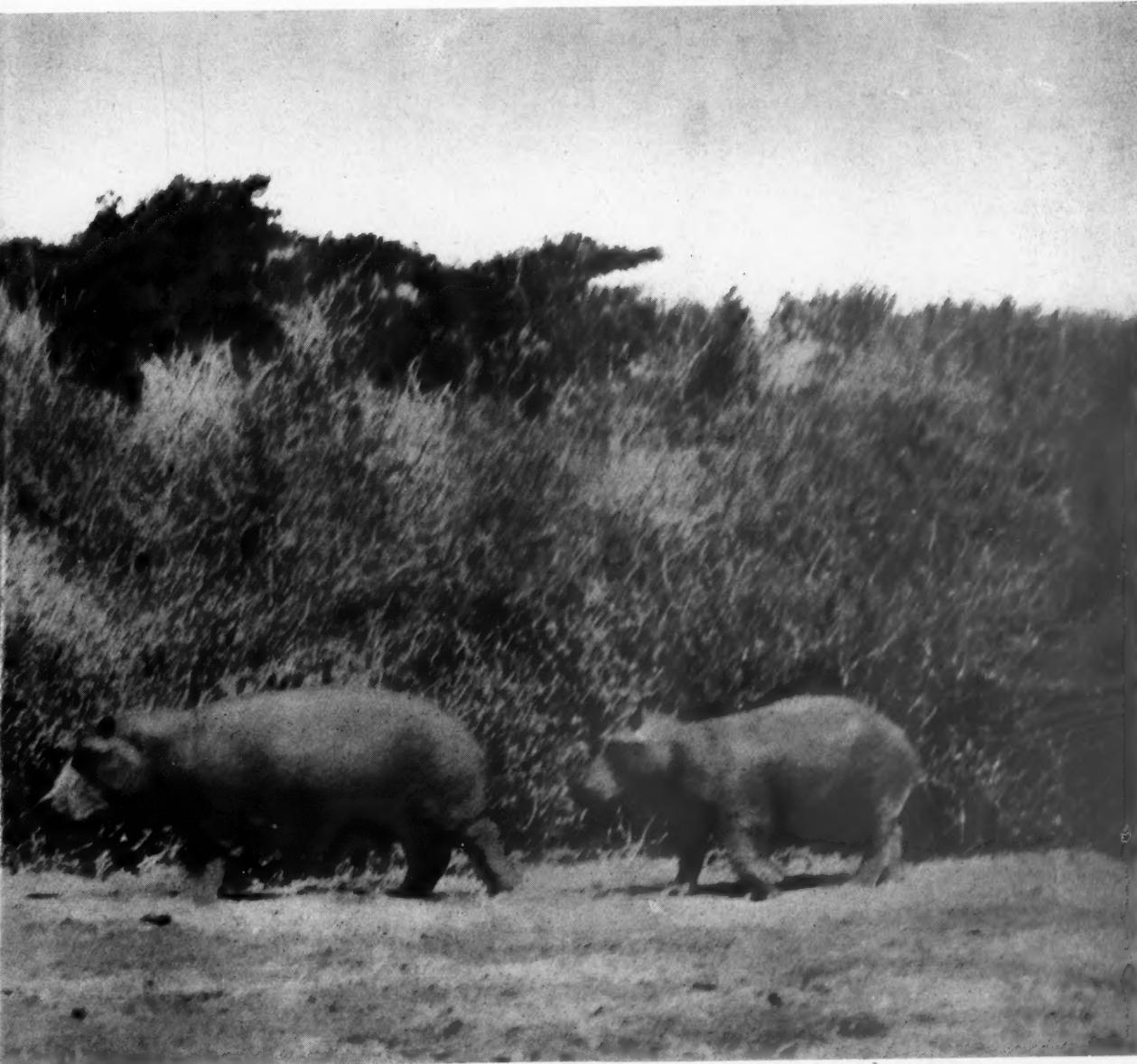
F. RUSSELL ROBERTS.



THREE HIPPOPO
TROTTING



CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDES OF THE HIPPOPOTAMI ON LAND.
One sitting on its haunches like a pig



IPPOPO TROTTING PAST BUSH.

LORD BLEDISLOE'S GREAT AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT



READY FOR THE BACON FACTORY.

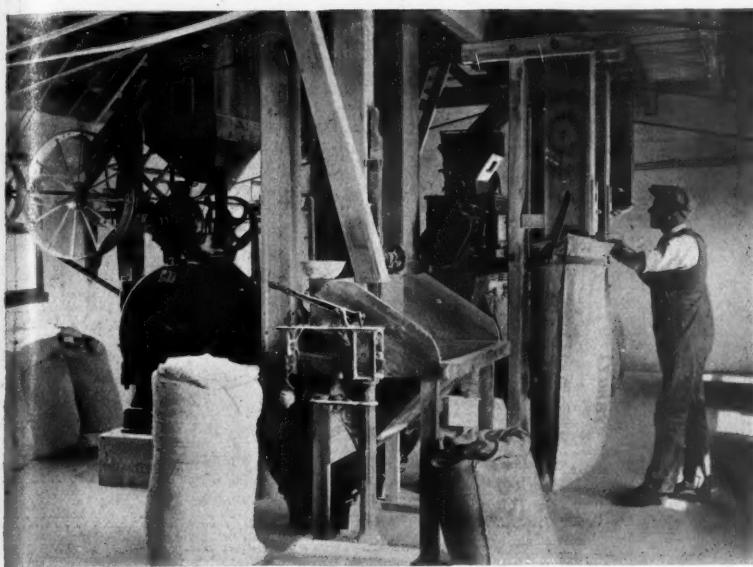
AT Lydney in Gloucestershire there may, at the present moment, be studied an interesting new departure in farming. Lydney Park is a country seat like those beloved of the eighteenth-century squire. It has a view from the windows difficult to match. It looks out on a deer park still inhabited by a herd of these animals. Lord Bledisloe is old-fashioned enough to love the deer and sufficiently new-fashioned to be alive to the question as to whether they are worth the expense they involve. Looking away from the deer park to the Severn Sea and beyond it, on the farther shore rise two roughly parallel ranges of hills—the low, waving, crumbling Cotswolds. The charm of the romantic prospect is not at all injured by the hosts of wading fishermen trying to entangle the Severn salmon in their old-fashioned "lare" nets. Nearer at hand, but still remote from the mansion house, is a tall chimney, from time to time emitting black smoke. The owner of the land regards it dubiously, but had he lived two centuries or even one century earlier he would have been in no doubt. Probably he is the first of his line who would not have banned it with bell, book and candle; but Lord Bledisloe is a man of his own day, and circumstances force him to take into consideration things which would not have entered into the minds of his ancestors. It belongs to the tin-plate industry, which has been steadily extending of late years and bringing a population of new workers to the countryside. They are good customers to the two shops of "Bledisloe Farms, Limited" (Lord Bledisloe's trade name), which sell bacon and other pig

products, as well as cheese, poultry, eggs, vegetables, fruit and jam, all produced upon the estate. It has been found that the wives of the workmen are ready purchasers of all these comestibles, but especially of pork pies, brawns, boiled hams and whatever else there is which saves the purchaser from cooking. Two motor vans belonging to the little private company call with the goods upon those—whether tinplate workers' or coal miners' wives—who prefer not to shop in person, and a thriving business is thus being built up. Further, there is nothing like a factory for scaring away those who would otherwise build on so glorious a site. After all, in such a wide landscape, a tall chimney is not in reality so great a blot as is believed by those who, instead of judging by themselves, accept a conventional view as a formula. When the breeze makes the smoke flutter, the high chimney looks like an ancient tower with a flag flying from it.

Besides all this, Lord Bledisloe and those who think with him recognise that there is a future in English farming if it can be done so as to provide the people of this country with local products in every way as good, and in some ways better, than imported food. A gain is secured in three different kinds. First, there is the great advantage of direct supply, which involves the elimination of middlemen and their large profits—a very great saving indeed. Another important point is that this direct sale to the consumer is a step towards relieving the farmer of one of his worst handicaps. Agriculture is proverbially slow in yielding its returns, in this way differing from



FOLDED ON PLOUGHED SAND.



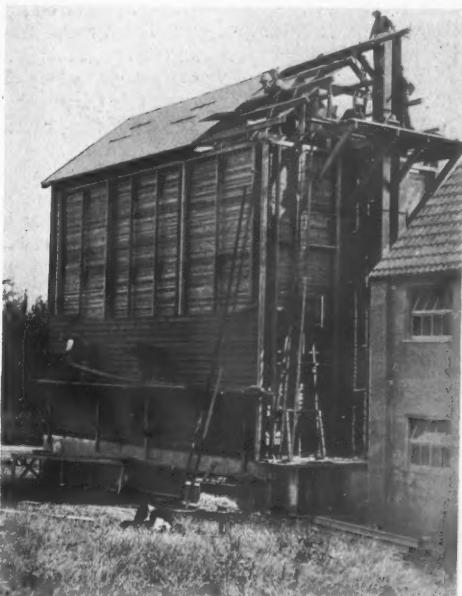
THE ELECTRIC MILL.
For grinding Yeoman wheat and the animals' food.



TRAMWAY, WITH SELF-CLOSING GATE.



EXTERIOR OF THE BACON FACTORY.



FOR STORING CORN, AND THUS SAVING SACK HIRE.



THE FARMS DISTRIBUTE AS WELL AS GROW

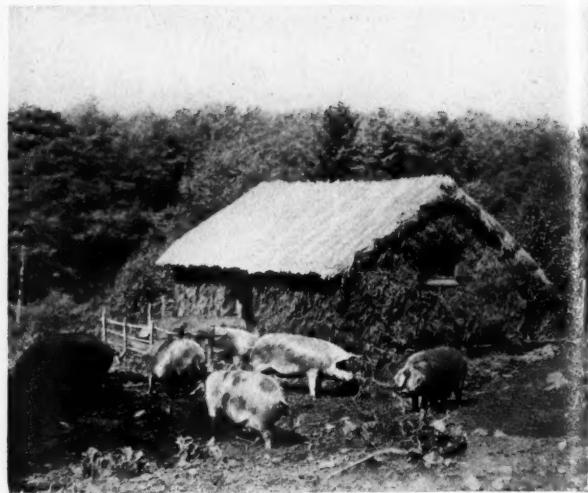


SHOP OF THE BLEDISLOE FARMS



APPETISING COOKERY, AND THE COOK.

commerce. The merchant can in many cases buy and sell again and again in the course of a year, thus securing in twelve months several returns on his capital. The wheat farmer has but one, and must wait more than twelve months for it. He often begins cultivation for the next crop before the preceding one is harvested, and will be lucky if he is able to sell the crop within fifteen or eighteen months afterwards. This is the root of a great deal of trouble in farming, especially in times like the present. The farmer has to pay his wages long before he has sold his crop. In ordinary times the bank would come to his rescue and advance the money required at a fair rate of interest on the security of the crop, sometimes, indeed, on the security afforded by the man's character; but when the year has been impoverishing and overdrafts are already established at the bank, it is difficult to obtain on loan the money required to meet the cost of production. In many cases the applicant has already borrowed up to the limit of his security, and it well may be that the banks are not very keen to make further advances. One of the chief attractions of dairy farming (if the milk be sold unconverted to the urban retailer) is found in its quick returns, as, practically, it is a ready-money business. Pig farming is almost as good, especially if the animals are sent to a bacon factory in which the producer has a proprietary interest. The farmer does best who is precise and punctual in his methods, carefully breeding and feeding to the type and weight that are acceptable, and, above all, sending regularly the number required of him. A daily sale of the by-products adds appreciably to the shop's reserve. This daily trade has the third advantage of encouraging the workers in a semi-industrial area such as Lydney, where the conduct of the business embodies the principle of co-partnership. Lord Bledisloe has done excellently in making all his employees participants in the profits. His system is very clearly explained in a letter addressed to them on the last day of 1923. After a few preliminary observations, such as that "the estate will no longer be run on the lines of an ordinary estate," and a setting forth of the new conditions which demand that "every sort of waste is carefully avoided and that every hour of the working day is fully occupied with efficient work conscientiously performed," he goes on to say that "While, on the one hand, we shall feel bound to regard more strictly than in the past any tendency to slackness or incompetence (and we confidently ask all the employees both of the Company and of the Estate who sympathise with our aims to disown slackness and inefficiency among their fellows), we have, on the other hand, started a system under which the REMUNERATION OF THE EMPLOYEES WILL BE INCREASED by the addition thereto of AT LEAST ONE-FIFTH OF THE NET PROFITS OF THE COMPANY, to be properly ascertained annually by duly qualified Chartered Accountants, and to be divided among them by the Employees' Committee according to merit, as the Committee itself may decide. Also, as being thus partners in the enterprise, we shall look to the Employees through their Committee to give us freely from time to time any advice which they may like to tender as to the mode of cultivation of the farm land, or as to the conduct of any factory or shop belonging to the Company for the conversion or sale of its products."



THE ROBINSON CRUSOE HUT IN THE WOODS WHERE BREEDING SOWS HAVE FREE RUN.

All this means a revolution in estate management, but a revolution demanded by a change in circumstances. Were the estate managed on traditional lines, what we should expect to find is an adherence to a husbandry evolved to meet conditions that no longer prevail. In times when work was cheap and plentiful and the importation of foodstuffs still unattempted on any large scale, nothing gladdened the heart of the farmer more than a field of well grown wheat ripening for the sickle. To-day, there are thousands who fail to realise that the sight is no longer so joyous, since corn prices are not fixed at home but in lands over the sea. Then beasts were fattened for a market in which there was neither chilled beef nor frozen mutton to compete with the home product. These changes go far to account for the fact, recently demonstrated, that the proportion of national income drawn from land has not increased beyond what it was eighty years ago. The workers on the farm were simple souls who performed the daily round, the common task, and disliked innovation most heartily.

To-day the home producer is engaged in a stern rivalry with those who farm in other countries, some near at hand, others far away, but all enjoying advantages as farmers which afford a strange contrast to the difficulties experienced in a country where the rulers have deliberately sacrificed the interests of food producers to those of commerce, the country to the town. At the same time, Imperial taxation has increased immensely. No wonder that our agricultural progress, in face of continuous handicaps, disappointments and rebuffs, has abated in modern times. In fact, agriculture in Great Britain, which used to be easily superior to that of any other country in the world, has gone, relatively, backward. At the same time there has been a vast multiplication of middlemen intent on making profits out of the products of farming.

How Lord Bledisloe is trying to meet the new conditions is by lessening the cost of production, not by lowering wages or employing fewer hands but by utilising all available mechanical aids to work, and working for a profit from the production of those foodstuffs for which there is the greatest demand; and by simplifying distribution and cheapening the product by making the connection between producer and consumer more direct. For example, he grows English Yeoman wheat and grinds it in his own excellent mill. He has taken up pig-farming to supply the



THIS GOAT HAS DEVELOPED A STEADFAST FRIENDSHIP FOR THE CATTLE.

bacon factory on the estate. Luckily, he has discovered an English cook who is able to turn out the by-products well and attractively. He has started a cheese factory, and discovered the most popular cheese to be an English Caerphilly, while he passes on the whey by gravitation to a whole army of fatting pigs, thereby greatly improving the quality of the bacon. On the farm he saves the labour of men and horses by the use of electric power and by goods transport over light tramways; but these are only a few samples of the means employed with the immediate object of lightening labour and the final cheapening of production. His is live and up-to-date farming: but we must reserve a more detailed account of this for another occasion, and for the moment be content to indicate the main lines.

Lord Bledisloe, as a member of the Council of the British Association, was present at its meeting in Toronto, and thence is proceeding, with Sir John Russell, the director of the world-renowned Rothamsted Experimental Station, on an agricultural tour throughout Canada and the United States.



RED POLL, EARLY ROSE.
She has given 12,326 lb. of milk in 43 weeks.

INLAND AND SEASIDE

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

I WROTE something last week about the team of British amateurs just now sailing away to America in search of the Walker Cup. As I was looking again at the list of their names, it occurred to me that they were, in a sense, all inland golfers, and then the further thought came to me that the old distinction between seaside and inland golfers hardly existed any more.

It is true that several of the team have had what is still, I think, the advantage of a seaside upbringing. Major Hezlet at Portrush, for instance, Mr. Murray at St. Andrews, Mr. Hope on the west coast of Scotland, Mr. Michael Scott at Westward Ho! and, most conspicuously of all, Mr. Kyle, who spent his boyhood within a mashie-niblick shot of the first tee at St. Andrews—here are emphatically sea-bred golfers. But all, or nearly all, of them now play their workaday golf, in the intervals of their ordinary avocations, upon inland courses. One would not say that they were better on one kind of a course than another, that they possessed essentially seaside strokes or lacked inland ones.

This was not always so. I remember very well that when I was up at Cambridge, one used to hear that at such and such a college there was a wonderful freshman who had learnt his golf by the sea, very often in Scotland, and would beat all of us poor mud-grubbers into a cocked hat if he could be persuaded to try. But when this Olympian person was induced to come and play upon our course he did not appear so very formidable: we—or the mud—generally defeated him. In some cases, I fancy, rumour had magnified his merits: he was not so alarmingly good either by the sea or anywhere else. Sometimes, however, he really was a good player, and in course of time he proved it; but it took him some while—a whole year, perhaps—to produce his proper game under strange conditions.

This was not very surprising, because in those days inland golf and mud were almost synonymous terms, and mud-larking is, in golf, something of a separate art. To-day, there are so many good inland courses that many of us seldom, if ever, play on the real, old-fashioned, glutinous substance. When we do, we discover that we are not very good at it, that the old knack of making the ball slither between the worm-casts into the hole has left us, that we instinctively flinch at an iron shot which portends a blob of mud in an eye duly kept on the ball. "Inland golf" can no longer be used as a comprehensive expression. It is applicable to many different kinds of golf, some of them very good kinds indeed. On the other hand, "seaside golf" does not mean quite what it did. Nothing can change the sandhills and the sea, but in very many cases a subtle change has come over the nature of the ground, and seaside courses are far more inland in character than ever they used to be. St. Andrews is a case in point. It is kept in the most beautiful order: green committee and green keeper alike deserve laurel crowns; it is in far better condition than it was in elder days, but it is different in kind as well as in degree from the old St. Andrews. And we find the same state of things at other famous links, perhaps in a less conspicuous degree—at Sandwich and Deal and Rye and Hoylake. The fact is that you cannot eat your cake and have it. If a course is to stand a great deal of play and to be in the state of speckless smoothness which the modern golfer demands, then something of the old delicacy of turf, which was always verging on bareness and sandiness—something, if not all, of the old kittle quality, at once so lovable and so frightening, has got to go. And since there is less difference than there used to be in the turf itself, so there is less difference in the nature of the shots demanded. It was noticeable in this year's Amateur Championship at St. Andrews that Mr. Kyle was playing up to the hole, not the running shot which

he had "breathed into his growing frame" in Fife, but the pitching shot which he had learnt in his maturity at Roehampton. To go straight from London to a seaside golfing holiday may to-day produce some disturbance of the liver, but it should not produce much disturbance of the game.

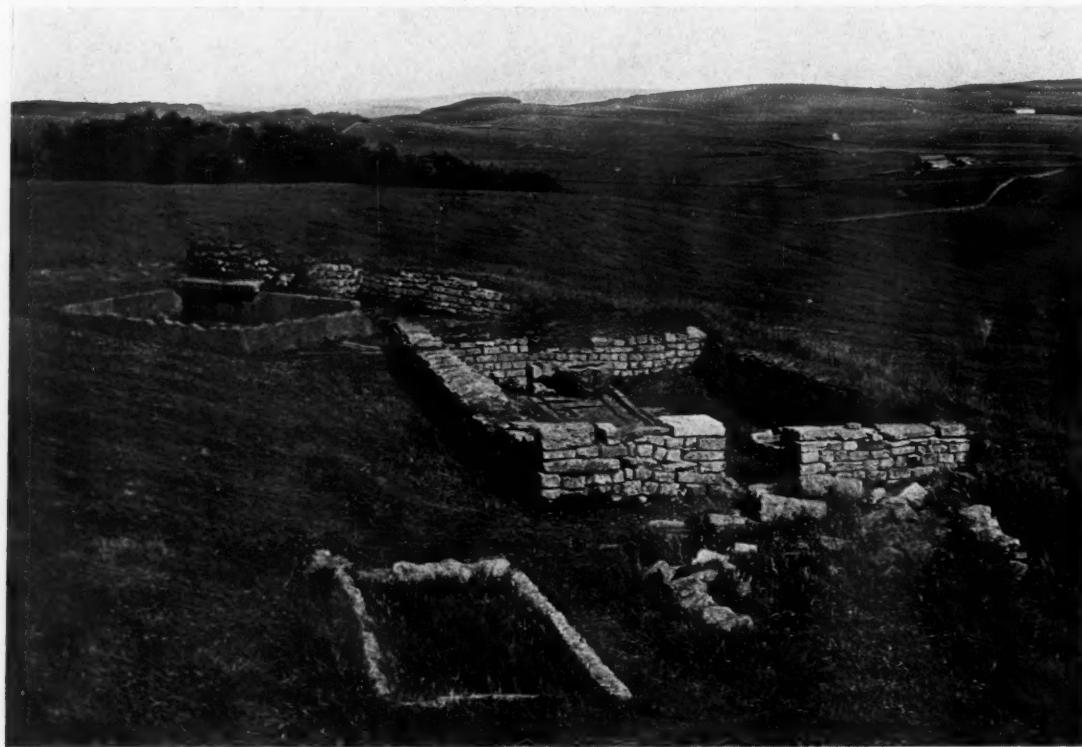
There is still, however, one difference between the two which I have not yet mentioned, impossible to state in exact terms, but very considerable, and that is the difference made by the wind. I know that the wind can blow inland. On the heath of Walton or the moors of Fixby it can blow like the devil unchained. But day in and day out a seaside wind is still in a golfing class by itself and has educative properties of its own. Here, again, the distinction is not what it was. With the modern ball it is not so essential to learn to hit a low shot at will. By comparison with controlling the gutty or the earlier rubber-core, hitting the modern ball through a wind is like hitting a dint in a pat of butter. But still the man who, in his impressionable youth, plays almost continually in a wind has to learn something of poise and balance and trueness of striking which his inland brethren need not master so thoroughly, and it will stand him in good stead always. Mr. Tolley is, in one sense, an inland-bred golfer, in that the downs of Eastbourne, where he played as a boy, are not of seaside, sandy turf; but the wind blows as pitilessly there as anywhere in the world, and so gave him the most valuable part of a seaside training. If the seaside continues to give us our best players, as it has done in the past, it will be entirely on the wind's account.

In some respects inland courses provide, very likely, the better training. They demand far more persistent straightness, since they almost invariably punish any serious crookedness by means of the rough. On seaside courses, a player, if he wants to play the perfect shot, has sometimes to skirt bunkers very narrowly and play to an exact point; but, generally speaking, he can wander a good deal without that definite punishment which is likely to make him remember it. I am inclined to think that a combination of the two makes the ideal training. On the wide spaces of the links by the sea the young player can learn to hit out and acquire the priceless gift of freedom. Then, when he has acquired a style, but his game is still comparatively unformed, the long grass and heather inland can soften down his roughnesses and not permit him to be too wild. As regards putting, a sheltered inland education may well produce the best results, for to putt in youth on fast, wind-swept greens may be to become cramped and frightened. This argument is founded on the belief, which many good judges hold, that the Americans putt so well because they acquire a great stock of confidence by playing for the most part on slow, true greens where the ball can be boldly struck.

Those of us who played as boys by the sea will always think of seaside golf as the only genuine article. It has a romance and a charm which are safe from competition in our hearts; but other people with a different upbringing have a right to think otherwise. They are getting bold, moreover, and say the most dreadful things. A little while ago a fine young golfer is reported to have described St. Andrews, on his first visit, as "quite good for a seaside course." I will not mention his name, but his sentiment appears a truly blasphemous one, coming from the son of such a father. I wonder he was not afraid of being cut off with a shilling. I heard, too, the other day of a golfer—also, I fear, of a profane disposition—who declared that he preferred the New Course at St. Andrews because it had some of those inland characteristics which the Old Course lacked. Perhaps he was only pulling the distinguished and conservative legs of his audience. If so, he did it very successfully.

THE ROMAN WALL

[It has been intimated that the Office of Works is preparing to schedule the Roman Wall as a National Monument.]



AT BORCOVICUS.

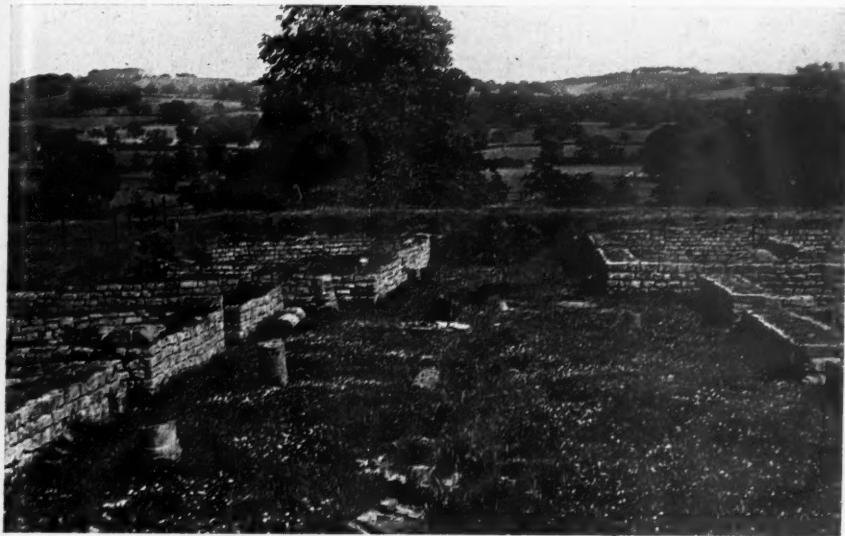
COLLINGWOOD BRUCE, historian of the Roman Wall, and in his day the greatest authority on it, warns the reader of his 1885 *Handbook of the Roman Wall* that he who reads this book half a century after will probably find the descriptions in it "more glowing than the reality." He had observed with regret that portions of it, deprived of their covering, were "beginning to yield to adverse circumstances." Bruce would rejoice in his grave if he knew that it is now going to be taken over by the Office of Works and scheduled as a public monument. His warning touches only on one of the many causes which have been hastening decay, almost from the time when the Romans evacuated Britain.

Hadrian, who had been Emperor in 117 A.D., and left at the close of 119 A.D., had prepared his plans and begun the work, but left it to be carried out by his legate, Aulus Platorius Nepos. It was a wonderful undertaking to have, in pre-machinery days, been even imagined, and remains now the greatest historic monument in this country. To describe it merely as a wall might lead those unfamiliar with the wild country of which it is the leading feature to a misconception. More correctly, it can be described as a line of fortifications in three parts. There is, first, the stone wall which is carried from Wallsend at the mouth of the Tyne to Barrow on the Solway, a distance of seventy-four miles. This wall has a ditch, or fosse, on the northern side. On the south side is a vallum or earthen wall running side by side but not exactly parallel with the stone wall; as, while the former, in the traditional Roman manner, follows a straight course and is not deflected by any ruggedness in the country, the makers of the earthen wall avoided difficult obstacles, sometimes approaching the stone wall, at other places diverging from it. At one place the two are within thirty yards of each other, at another there is half a mile between them. The earthen wall is not so long as its neighbour, but three miles short of it at each end. It is older than the stone wall, but the explanation has been hazarded that it was built and the fosse dug out as a temporary defence from the northern tribes while the stones for the wall were being quarried, mostly on the southern side. Besides the wall proper and the vallum, there are a host of military constructions, such as stations, castles, watch-towers and roads for the transmission of stores and for offensive and defensive warlike operations. Along the southern part of the wall mile castles were set at the distance of a Roman mile (seven furlongs) from each other, each mile castle having a north and south gateway.

Not even in Northumberland, with its wide spaces and "great grey gleaming skies," can there be found a more invigorating pilgrimage than that along the line of the Roman Wall; but to make the journey is to learn that none too soon is official care to be extended to this heritage from the past. That the wall should be almost obliterated in the neighbourhood of Newcastle is only a natural consequence of that town's prosperity and expansion. Where the "Coatie Tyne" is about to enter the sea both banks are crowded with industrial works and buildings. Traces of the wall are few and far between and, to say the truth, not uncommonly interesting. Whoever is going to make the pilgrimage need not start before Heddon-on-the-Wall, and, perhaps, Haltwhistle is even better. Where the wall is on comparatively low ground it has been very greatly despoiled—used, in fact, as a quarry for stone to build not only human dwellings, but stables and pigsties. No special blame is to be reflected on the Northumbrians for this, but, rather, the blame is that of the eighteenth century, in which very little care was expended upon ancient monuments. At Avebury there was just as much destruction as on the Border. We can, indeed, scarcely wonder at the little respect paid to ancient and prehistoric monuments when we consider the scant respect paid to churches and other ecclesiastical buildings, many of which were broken up to serve the basest uses. We know of a farmyard in Wiltshire paved with headstones from a neighbouring churchyard, and that was more than a local practice. The Roman-marked stones of the wall may be found in the most unexpected places, such as the walls of farm outbuildings. It was fortunate, in this respect, that the wall passed over country greatly diversified as to height. Bruce gives a list of all the chief points, showing that, whereas Benwell Camp, Chapel Hill, Rutchester, Harlow Hill, Down Hill and Halton Chesters range from only 416ft. to 600ft. in height, at Sewingshields Crags, where the wall is seen at its greatest perfection, the altitude is 1,068ft., at Housesteads it is 800ft., at Hotbank Crags 1,074ft. and at Wincle Crags 1,230ft. The figures will give some idea of the rough going offered to the pedestrian. We fancy that to the majority of readers the climb up and down the rugged line of the wall in this district, combined with the fresh air blowing from the great Northumbrian moors, would be a pleasure in itself so keen as almost to banish for the moment any thought of antiquity.

In addition to the destruction of the wall by this means there has been a continual removal from it of interesting stones

and carvings, many of which now adorn the exterior or interior of houses in the neighbourhood, though, of course, a great many interesting mementoes of the wall have been carefully preserved in the museums. It is, of course, beyond the power of the Office of Works to arrange that all these museums should be joined in one, preferably at Newcastle, the most important centre of population; but it is very likely that if a scheme of this kind were ventilated, private owners and small museums would be induced to send objects now in their possession. It seems absurd that in local museums interest should be divided between Roman remains picked up on the wall and those spears, bows and arrows



STREET IN CILURNUM.

and other primitive weapons which travellers bring home. In this connection, however, it is only fair to mention Chesters as containing a most illuminating museum of things connected with the Roman Wall, many of them, in fact, *in situ*. It is evident from internal evidence that some of the Roman officers chose the beautiful meadow at Chesters, with the Tyne flowing round it, as a place for their villa residences, the same in many respects as those at Chedworth, which we are glad to see has come under the ægis of the National Trust. Close to it, too, is that wonderful example of Roman mechanical art, the bridge across the North Tyne, which startles everyone who sees it for the first time as being so extraordinary an example of Roman skill.

William Hutton of Birmingham, in 1801, boasted that he was the first man who ever travelled the whole length of the wall, and probably the last who would ever attempt it; but it is easier going to-day. The railway serves the pilgrim well, and there are bicycles, motor-cars and horse carriages to expedite the journey; but there are portions which still can be reached only on foot. That is one of the most delightful features of the journey.

LAWN TENNIS AT THE SCHOOLS

AT intervals we are told, on the one hand, that the honour of England is involved in the playing of lawn tennis at the Public Schools, and in thus creating a supply of young specialists to hold their own in International matches with the youngsters of France and America; and, on the other hand, that lawn tennis is a degrading pursuit that saps the moral fibre. Some of the schools have taken the game up, others have made no alteration in their system of athletics; so those in the best position to judge have left the great question undecided. In the meantime, the schoolboys' tournament recently played at Queen's Club suggests that the boys are deciding it for themselves. It was clear from the number of entries and the general demeanour of the boys that lawn tennis was a game that they liked playing. It was a jolly meeting—plenty of blazers and colours, no grumbling, sisters and mothers looking on, but few professional spectators. But it was not the typical athletic meeting—at least, on the day that I saw it—for there was no excitement among the onlookers, even when school met school and one player foozled an easy smash at game ball and another brought off a running lob backhanded from behind the baseline to keep the rally alive. There was nothing to correspond to the sudden deflation of many chests at the catch missed and the ecstatic yell at the catch caught that marks the school cricket match. The boys were enjoying themselves; they were playing hard, not slacking; but as for regarding the game as a really serious matter—like cricket—they had not been educated, to that. If you watch the batting of the lesser lights in a school eleven—the boys with no particular aptitude for the game—what you notice about them is that they have rather more mechanical knowledge than they can do with in the time the ball allows them. The strokes they fail over would look good enough strokes if there were no ball—at any rate, in the movement of the body. The left leg is brought over, or, if they have a modern preceptor, the right, and it is only a certain hesitation in the handling of the bat that gives them away; they are over-coached rather than untaught. It was just the opposite at Queen's Club. Few of the boys could ever have heard of the maxim that lawn tennis is 50 per cent. head, 40 per cent. feet and 10 per cent. racket. As to head, you do not expect boys to be pawky; you would prophesy a bad end for the boy who cut the ball short to beguile the hard driver into hitting out; but you would expect the boy to have the instinct for getting to close quarters; you would expect him to run in too soon rather than to hang back. But it was not so; most of the boys played the strokes in a rally as if there was hardly any closer connection between them than between the balls of an over. They would see an opponent lob over and over again to the service line and be content to return the ball on the bounce. As to feet, they used them only for running. Lawn tennis had become 80 per cent. racket. For the ball to be hit where it would pay, the racket had to meet it from the sharpest angle and the arm had to hold on its course with weighty portions of the striker's person playing passive resister; the follow-through was sharply across the flight. It was only because the body of youth is delightfully supple that the rallies were kept going.

The inference was that lawn tennis was not a Public School game, whether or no the boys were given opportunities for playing it, and it was not disproved by there being among the competitors several boys besides the winner who played well. These boys shaped at the ball in a way to hit it where they wanted it to go and hard. One asked their names and found that they were familiar—one was a tower of strength to his football team, another had just done great things at Lord's. So that was it! The schoolboy who plays lawn tennis well is the boy who plays all games well—the boy with the ball sense; and he is not likely to give all his time to lawn tennis when those other games make calls upon it.

E. E. M.



EAST GATEWAY, CILURNUM.



HERE was once—and the story is a true one—an Earl of Harborough who stopped the Belvoir and the Cottesmore from drawing the Stapleford coverts: indeed, from entering upon his property at all. To be sure, he was the last of his line, for the title died with him in 1859. But the inhibition, reinforced with dog spears, made a deep impression on all right-thinking men and women, issued as it was in the very heart of the shires, and not by a *parvenu* or vulgar person, but by a man whose fathers had hunted that country long before Jack Mytton's time.

The park of Stapleford lies by the Eye in northern Leicestershire, where that stream meanders through a flat and fertile vale from Melton Mowbray. Rutland lies the other side of

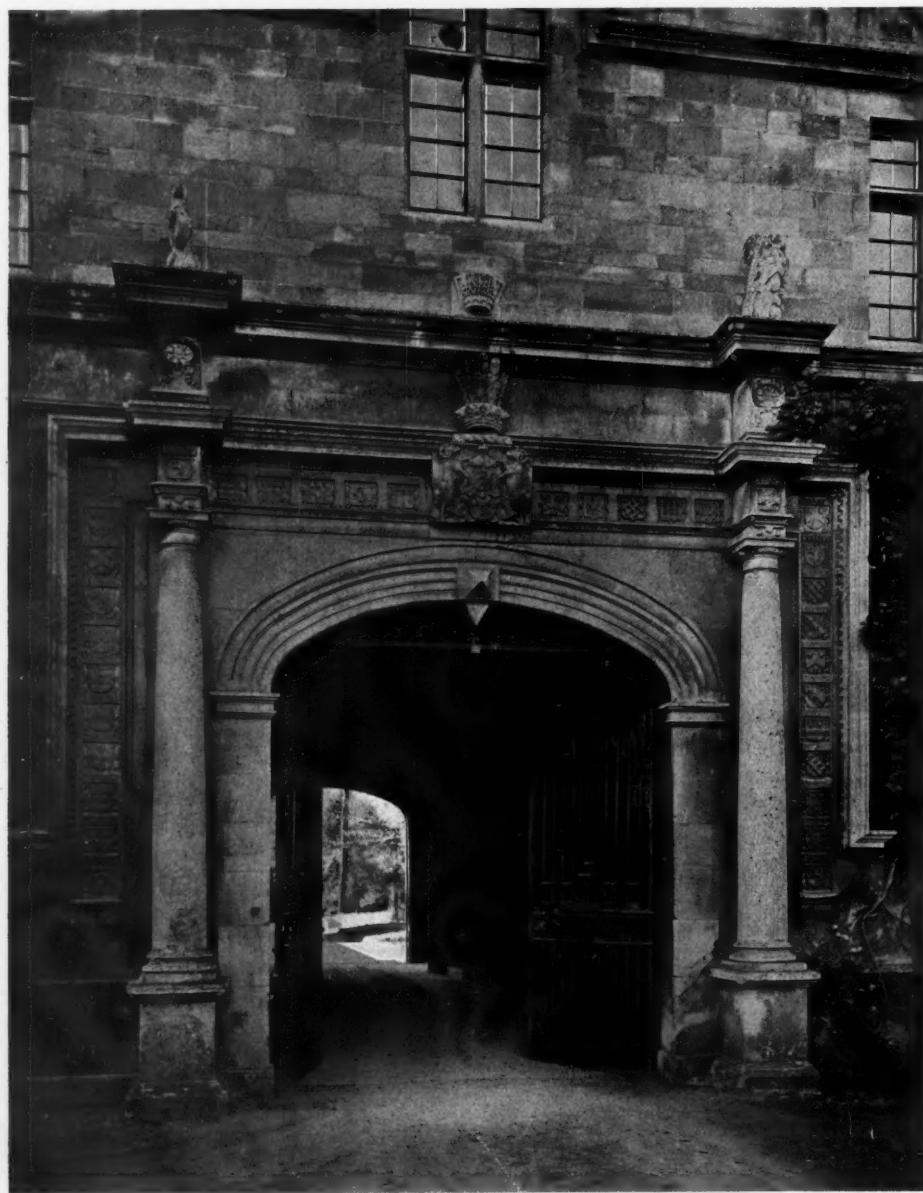
the road to the south, the Lincolnshire border is five miles eastward, in which county several of the manors belonging to the earlier possessors of Stapleford are to be found; Nottinghamshire lies a ten-mile run to the north-west. It is a magnificent park, the fellow of Belvoir and Burley-on-the-Hill, in its neighbourhood. And scattered around it are a plenty of halls and manor houses, each of which has mounted a squire or ever the oath was sworn to disturb the peace of foxes. It is, therefore, a matter for astonishment that Mr. Garnett's instance of "Lady into Fox" was not anticipated by the far more credible catastrophe of the disappearance of an earl into the earth.

Colonel Gretton, however, whose father purchased Stapleford from the assignees of the last Harborough, has of late brought

many other interests besides hunting to the place: an achievement which befits the variety of its architectural charms. For the buildings exhibit certain features of exceptional interest, consisting as they do of a wing signed and dated 1500 and restored in 1633, portions built afresh at that time, a large amount of Charles II work, and some good interior work of the later eighteenth century.

The township of Stapleford was a thriving agricultural community when Domesday was compiled, and actually belonged to one of the commissioners of that survey, Henry Ferrers; there were as many as fourteen ploughlands or common fields at that date. At one period the Ferrers came near to losing the property, when the Act was passed for depriving owners of large properties in Normandy, of their English estates. But it is recorded that, after the Ferrers who went with Richard I had died on crusade, his successor, William, fourth Earl of Derby, preserved it by his prudence to his family, though with a diminished extent. Eventually the vill passed to the Crown through John of Gaunt, a fraction of whose vast possessions it formed.

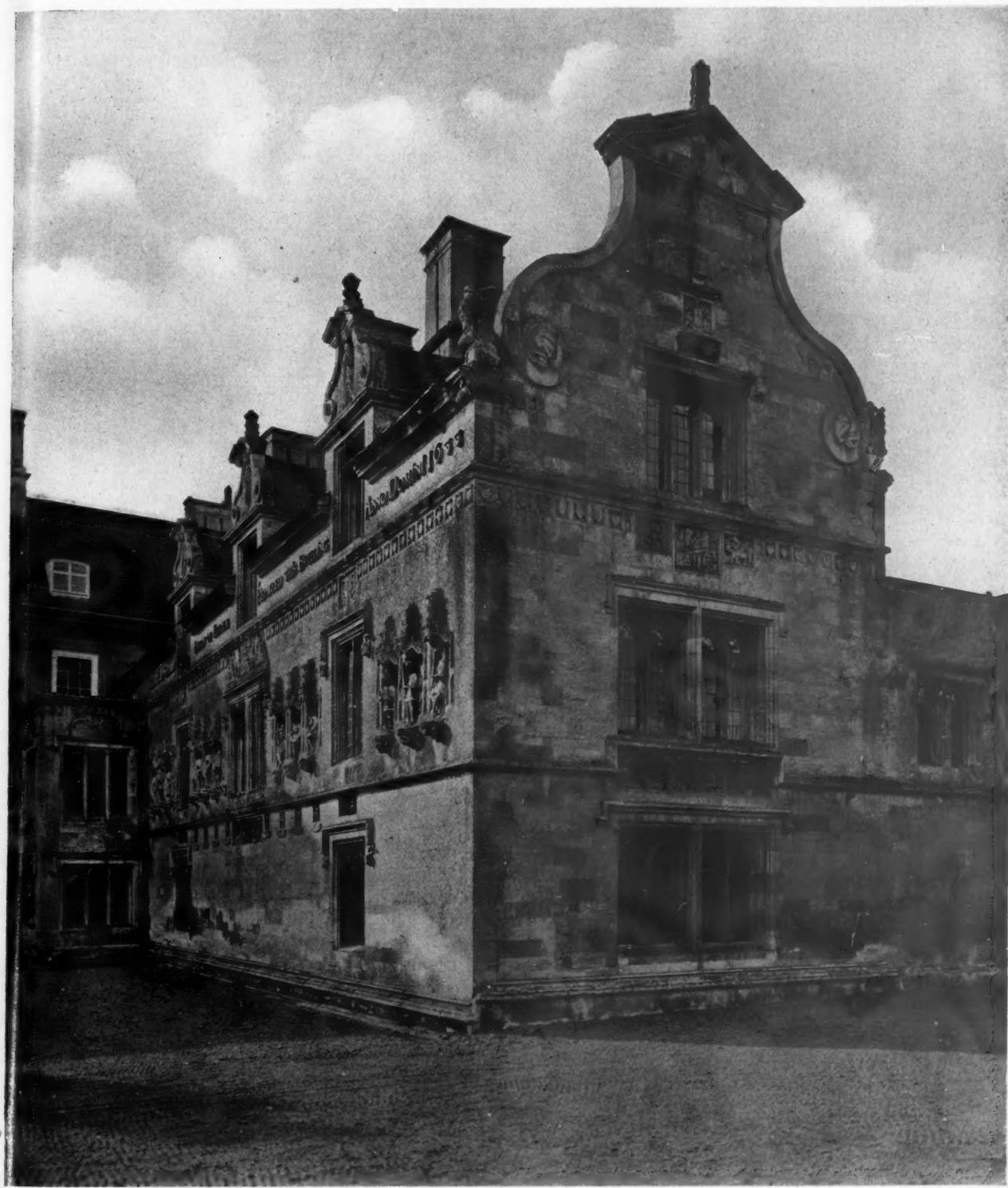
One of the component manors was this, the eponymous hall, possessed from early times by the Hawberks. At the beginning of the fifteenth century, Agnes Hawberk carried it to her husband, Robert Sherard, a north countryman, whose actual provenance and estate is obscured rather than illuminated by the otherwise copiously illuminated pedigree made out in Jacobean times. The Sherards speedily identified themselves



Copyright. 1.—A GATEWAY BUILT BY LORD LEITRIM ABOUT 1633. "COUNTRY LIFE."

with their neighbourhood, and frequently occupied the offices of Sheriff of Rutland or Leicestershire. But none of them has survived as individuals until the fourth in succession, Geoffrey, who succeeded a brother here in the fifties of that century. He had been, as a young man, a "counsellor at law," and when he became a country gentleman diverted his ingenuity to enlarging and consolidating his estate. When he died, in 1492, he left all his movables to three daughters—not through any mislike of his son Thomas, but because he had contrived for him a

descendant of a younger son of Geoffrey the lawyer, a branch that settled in Lincolnshire. This marriage, as not infrequently happens with in-breeding, produced three sons above the ordinary in ability, who were all knighted, but only one of whom had any children, namely, Sir William, the second son. He was knighted by James I in 1622, and was, five years later, raised to the peerage of Ireland as Baron Leitrim. His wife, however, would appear to have been a yet more significant person. Nichol, the county historian, has left a biography that prompts the



2.—PART OF A HOUSE BUILT IN 1500 BY THOMAS SHERARD AND RESTORED IN 1633 BY HIS DESCENDANT, LORD LEITRIM.

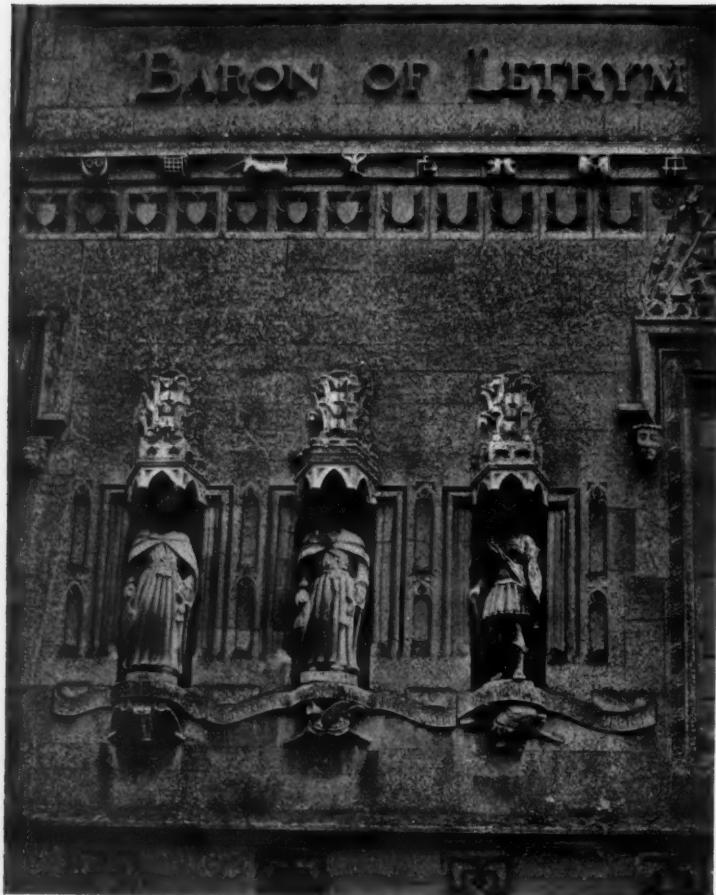
profitable marriage with the heiress of John Helwell of Lincolnshire. The justice of this provision is illustrated by the elaborate nature of the structure which Thomas proceeded to erect on the site of the ancestral home. Though only one wall has survived, and that in a transformed condition, there is sufficient to testify to Thomas's wealth and to interest not only the archaeologist. It will be convenient, however, to leave an examination of this remarkable work till we come to the time when it was restored. Two generations succeeded, till the third was represented by Rose, an only daughter, who married John Sherard

suggestion that it was she who was really responsible for the admirable restoration of the 1500 wing:

Lady Abigail Sherard possessed uncommon abilities and unbounded benevolence. The parish church at Stapleford where she entirely rebuilt the south aisle bears testimony to her liberality. The annals of the great rebellion bear witness to her loyalty, as she was fined £500 in 1645 for "delinquency." She was a lady also of great taste; an admirer and collector of antiquities; and it was in compliment to this turn that such particular pains were taken in 1633 to illustrate the fine pedigree of the Sherards and their matches, with drawings of their arms and portraits in windows, deeds etc., now in the possession of the Earl of Harborough and which was exhibited at the Society of



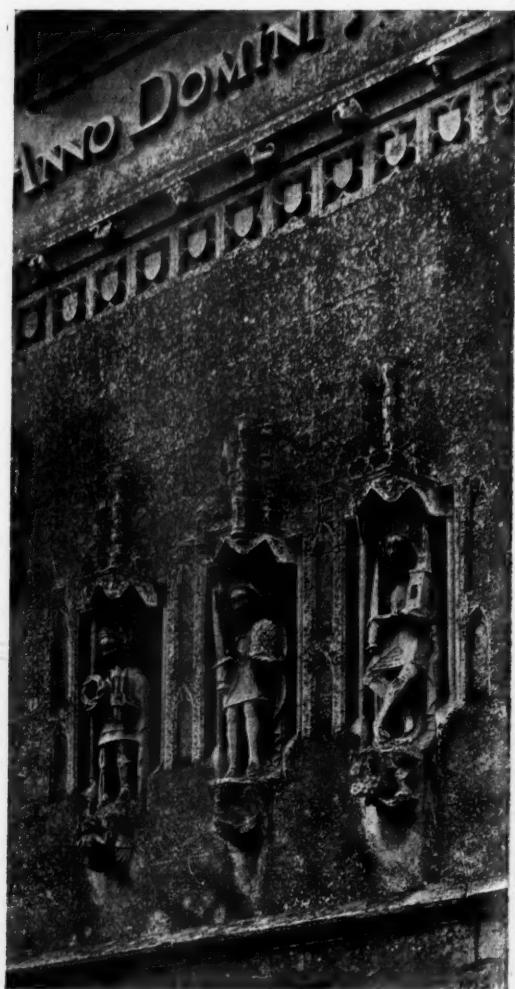
3.—SEVENTEENTH CENTURY FIGURES IMITATING THOSE OF 1500.



4.—LORD VERDON, DE LACY AND "WILLIAM LE BRABANZON."
Progenitors of the Sherards, carved in 1633.

Antiquaries in 1735 by Smart Lethieullier Esq, together with two small pendant oval medals, having the bust of the lady in profile and full faced, made for her funeral—an event which befel in 1659, nineteen years after that of her husband, when she was laid beside him beneath a splendid altar tomb set in an alcove of Jacobean Gothic.

The year 1633 was also the year of her restoration of the Tudor wing, which forms one side of the entrance court to-day (Fig. 2). Probably, this was the main front of the earlier building, and was entered in the centre beneath the cusped and foliated window. To the left would then have lain the great hall, with a bay window that yet remains in the corner (Fig. 3). The disposition, however, is an idle speculation. Rather, the interest of the edifice lies in its remarkable ornament. Twelve niches with rather heavy perpendicular canopies are filled by as many effigies standing upon corbels. Six of the figures and corbels were added by Lady Abigail, and three figures of the earlier date were worked into the



5.—THREE KINGS, ORIGINAL FIGURES AND NICHES OF 1500.

dormer windows. Beside these, there are a number of panels of different sizes inserted over the ground-floor windows, on the parapet of the bay, and in other more or less convenient places, some of which are of remarkable interest.

The statues, since Lady Abigail's time, have been understood to represent progenitors and benefactors of the Sherards. This description is accurate enough of the six left-hand figures (Figs. 3 and 4), which are charming products of the Renaissance and represent, from left to right (Fig. 3): Scherard, Lord of Chettleton, in a chain mail and a long surcoat, who came over with his neighbour, William the Conqueror—a plate-armoured figure with a delicious little heraldic shield bearing the leopards; to the right of him is Gilbert de Clare. The next group (Fig. 4) includes Bertram Lord Verdon, and Walter de Lacy—both in legal robes with charters in their hands, and, in true classic garb, "William

le Brabazon, ye great warrior." The canopies of these niches appear to be original, but the corbels are Jacobean adaptations of that mediæval feature. These people obviously came straight out of the pedigree book, and have a distinct affinity to the kings on the choir screen in York Minster which was erected a few years previously. In the same illustrations appear a number of the heraldic ornaments of the upper string-course, some of which, at least, are most likely original. The shields below the lower string-course are as certainly Lady Abigail's.

In the centre of the wall is a fine window of four cinque-foiled lights (Fig. 8), which was carefully worked into the new scheme. The apices of the triangular pedimental panels above were cut off, and the lights have somehow lost their connection with the stone sill, carved with vine pattern, below them. Otherwise the window is intact. It is divided into pairs of lights by a frame with foliated scrolling, and the hood mould, its labels supported on corbels which probably represent Thomas Sherard and his wife, has a fine trefoil cresting. The "pediments" above are nearer to the decadent Decorated work of Edward II than to Late Perpendicular, with its profusion of rather coarse ornament. But the occurrence of the Tudor rose and the Aragonese pomegranate (though both are found as *motifs* forty years earlier and more) confirm the date in this case.

The six figures to the right are original, and have been assumed to represent other ancestors. There is no evidence, however, that Thomas was quite such a genealogist, to put it kindly, as Lady Abigail. The personages appear, in every case save that of the figure on the central dormer who looks like a saint, to be kings. Their faces are exquisitely carved, and one is reminded, as by



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6.—THE LEGEND OF ST. GEORGE.
In the style of the Nottingham alabaster sculptors.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

7.—THE SIX DAYS OF THE CREATION.
One of the panels on the house built in 1500.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



8.—THE FAÇADE OF THOMAS SHERARD'S HOUSE, AS REMODELLED IN 1633 ACCORDING TO LADY ABIGAIL'S INSTRUCTIONS.

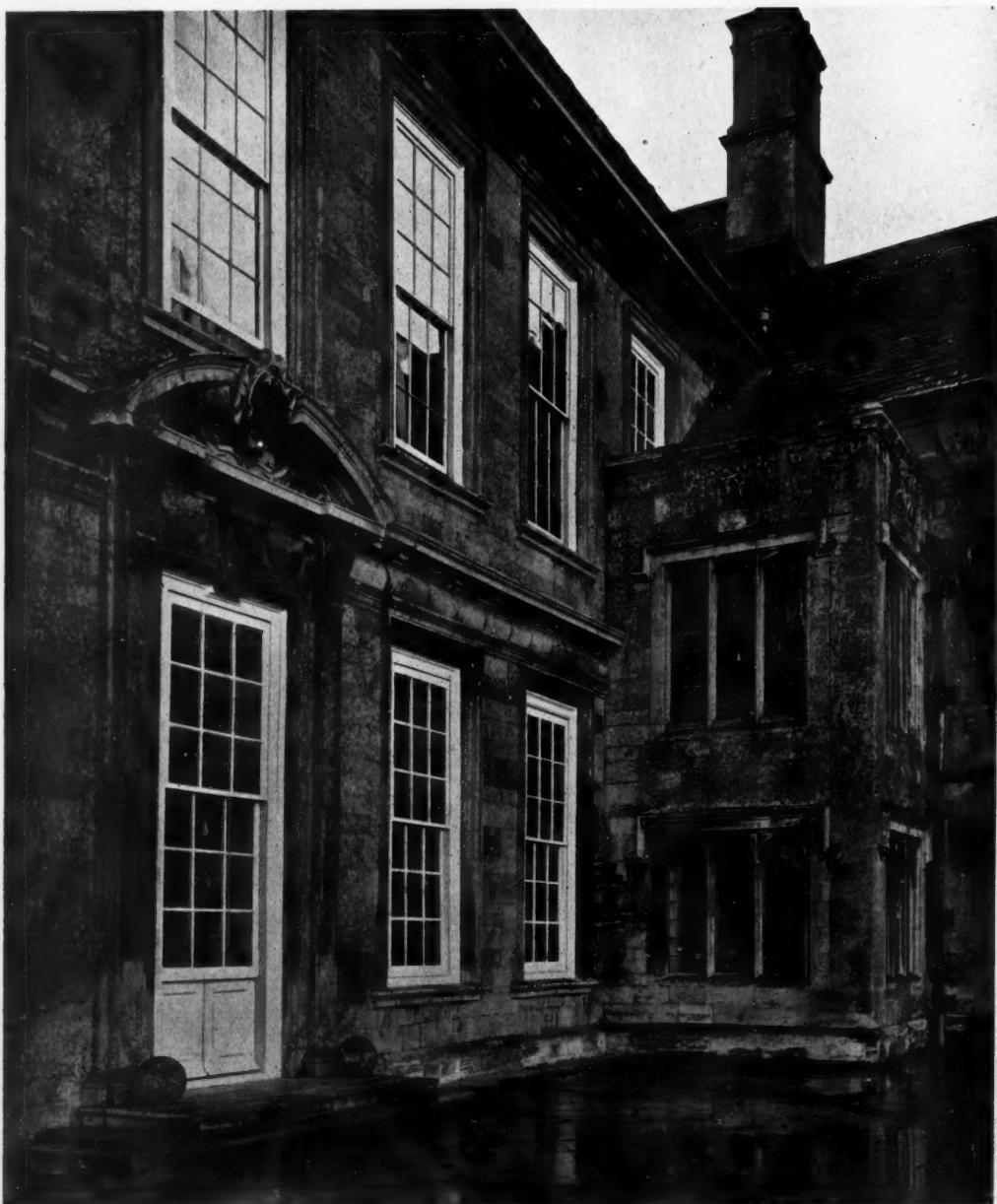


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9.—FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The additions, in the manner of John Webb, made about 1670.



Copyright.

10.—THE CENTRE OF THE NORTH FRONT.

A doorway of 1670 and a bay of 1500 work.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

all the earlier sculpture here, of the alabaster craftsmen of Nottingham, near Lby. Sherard's initials and the date "an^o dmi MD" occur above three of the tracery panels that separate them.

The parapet records that "William Lord Sherard, Baron of Letrym repaired this building Anno Domini 1633," when, of course, the dormers and end gable with their jolly Dutch outline were added.

The panels, strongly reminiscent of Nottingham work, represent, on the bay, a sword-fight between two dismounted knights, watched from towers by a queen and her attendants, on one side, and a wife and children, on the other; and (Fig. 3) two knights jousting, one of whom bears the Sherard crest of a peacock's tail. Below the central window are three panels (Fig. 8) representing the Annunciation, the Martyrdom of St. Thomas à Becket and the Visitation of the Virgin to St. Elizabeth. The Nativity and the Adoration occur elsewhere. The Creation fills six small panels (Fig. 7), while high up on the end wall (Fig. 2) there is a representation of St. Michael weighing a soul; the Virgin, standing on his left, weights the beam with a rosary, and so cheats the fiends who are frenziedly exerting themselves to weigh down the other end by jumping in the tray and, in one case, lying down with paws upward and clawing. Lower down are three panels of the legend of St. George (Fig. 6). The order has here been inverted, so that it begins on the right, where the King and Queen are seen, on the walls of Sylene, praying for their daughter. A ship and a windmill occur in the background. The centre panel shows the princess forlorn in the desert and troubled by wild beasts. In the corner of the Dragon panel appear the arms of Sherard and Helwell.

In every way a remarkable exhibition. Not only does no other purely secular stone building of the period display anything like such a profusion of work in which the rude and the accomplished are very much mixed, but there is fairly strong proof that the work, in spite of its ecclesiastical nature, is more or less *in situ*. Its preservation is perfect, and for that we must ever honour Lady Abigail. The other parts of this wing do not call for comment, being of the ordinary style prevalent along the Cotswold-Lincolnshire ridge of stone.

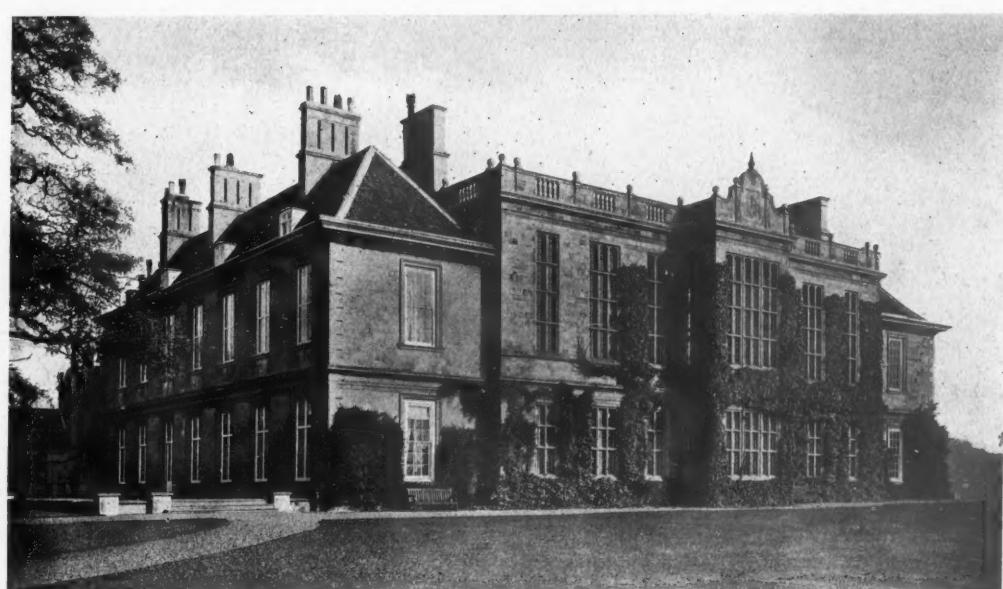
Fortunately, the first Lord Leitrim died before the wars, or, no doubt, his wife would have seen to it that he played a glorious and ruinous and, perhaps a fatal, part in them. As he died only seven years after the restoration of the old wing, in 1640, it is not unlikely that the accommodation he projected, and which the new dignity of the family warranted, was never completed. Nichol is very confusing on the subsequent additions that were made. Although he wrote only twenty years after the event, he insists, with a corroborative footnote, that the rest of the house was built in 1776. There are several rooms which very evidently do belong to that date, but he is quite certainly a century out in his dating of the H-shaped block that adjoins the mediæval wing. This bears the unmistakable impress of the second half of the seventeenth century, both externally and in the decoration of such rooms as the dining-room (Fig. 18) and the ante-rooms seen in Figs. 16 and 17. The buildings at this time, resembling closely Webb's work not far off at Thorpe, had a recessed south front, now filled in with an honest and restrained block of Victorian additions (Fig. 12). To the east (Fig. 13) and west the parallel sides of the 1670 work show level fronts topped by the



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11.—THE JACOBEAN BACK OF THE 1500 FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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12.—A VICTORIAN ADDITION JOINING TWO OF THE 1670 WINGS.

"C.L."



Copyright.

13.—THE ENTRANCE FRONT, WITH LATER, LARGER WINDOWS.

"C.L."



14.—THE OLD KITCHEN, NOW A HALL. REDECORATED ABOUT 1770.

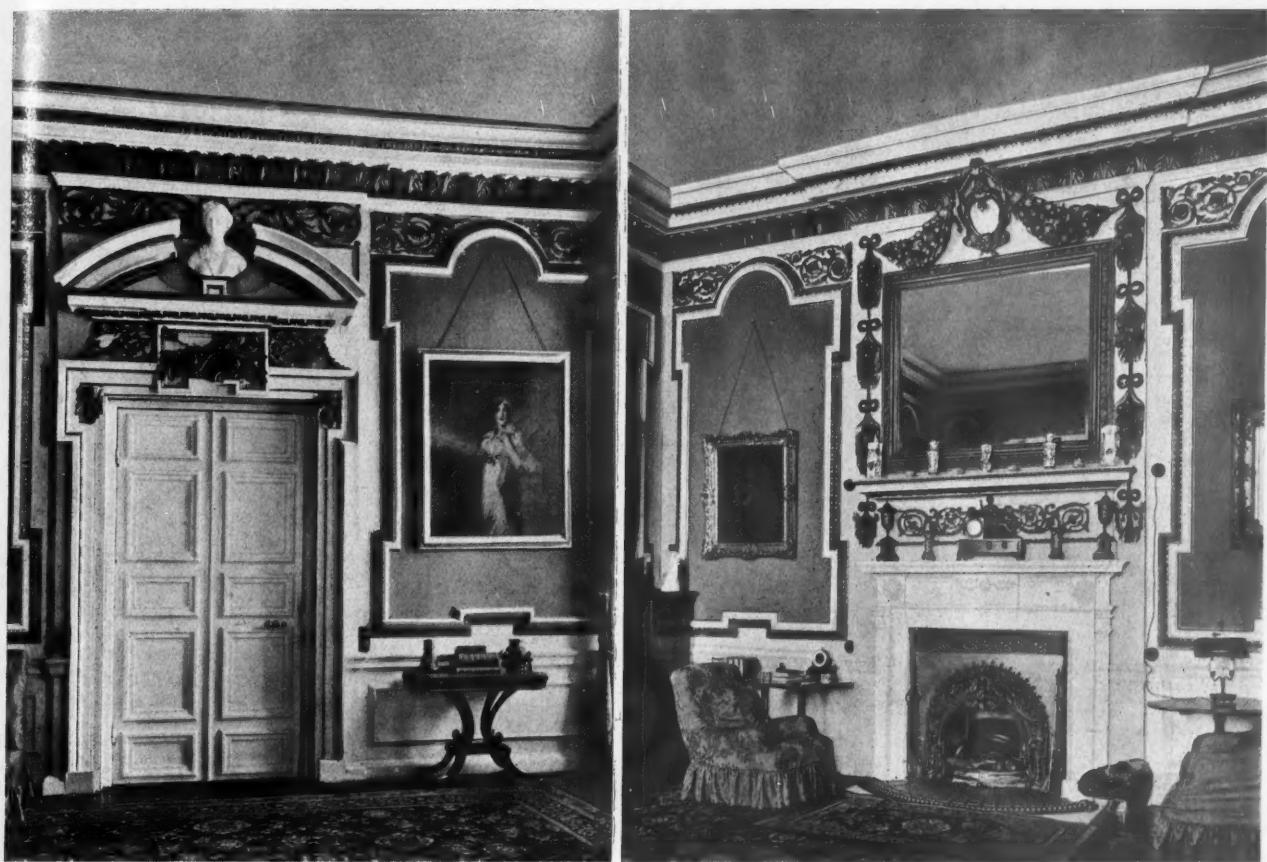


15.—ONE OF THE 1670 ROOMS, WITH 1770 CEILING AND FIREPLACE.

traditional chimney-stacks of the Midlands. Beyond the west front come the gables of the first Lord Leitrim's building, which backs the 1500 wall. The buildings thus present a four-square plan, from the north-west corner of which stretches a lower L-shaped structure of 1500 and 1633 dates. The 1670 exterior has lost its original appearance by the enlargement of the windows, evidently in 1776, for only one of them, excluding the dormers, retains its original shape and woodwork on the wing in Fig. 9. The result has been to enlarge the window area unduly and so to make the walls look too flimsy. In spite of this, however, the work is very pleasing, and contains an unusual and not very satisfactory feature, in the middle of the side on the right of Fig. 9, in the shape of a break in the cornice to represent a pediment.

One would date this building between 1670 and 1680, during the régime of Bennet, second Lord Leitrim, who died in 1699, and is recorded to have been a liberal encourager of the fine arts. Both he and his son, since they were only Irish peers, sat in the House of Commons for Leicestershire, until the latter was raised for faithful Whiggery to the "other place" by George I, a process which, with several intermediate dignities, culminated with the earldom of Harborough in 1718, when he was only twenty-nine years old. He died in 1732 without surviving issue, when he was succeeded by a great-grandson of the first Lord Leitrim. An uncle of this, the second, Lord Harborough had incidentally married the daughter of Dr. Thoroton, the excellent historian of Nottinghamshire. His son died in 1770, when the third son, quitting a residential canonry of Salisbury and a prebendiate of Southwell, succeeded to the title, and did up several rooms, among them the entrance hall (Fig. 15), in the style of the period. Most of the chimney-pieces are of his time, but the door-cases are of the seventeenth century building. The largest room retaining features of the earlier style is the dining-room, where the doorways and overmantel are exceptionally rich examples of the period. The intermediate wall spaces seem, however, to have been

Aug. 23rd, 1924.



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17.—THE ANTE-ROOM, WITH DECORATIONS TYPICAL OF JOHN WEBB; ABOUT 1670.

"C.L."



Copyright.

18.—THE DINING-ROOM, WITH DOORS AND CHIMNEYPEICE OF CHARLES II'S TIME.

"C.L."

altered subsequently. The ante-room (Figs. 16 and 17) has not been materially changed. There, the overmantel and doorways speak loudly of Webb, and the wall panels still have the broken framing beloved of the earlier architects. The grate in this room should not be missed, for it is a very good specimen of the eighteen-twenties, who had no doubts about how to enrich a thing once they decided it was to be ornate.

The ecclesiastical Lord Harborough was an admirable landlord. Three years after he succeeded, he pulled down the old bridge of seven arches (which seven Sherard brothers and seven sisters were related to have built) and threw a single span over the Eye. He demolished a Jacobean stable wing which had a gateway resembling that in Fig. 1, but more commendably led the way in agricultural improvements. Two years after his accession the Government turned its attention to the enclosure of Leicestershire, which had been, and continued to be, one of the most faithful of the Midland shires to the old open field system—a fact which may not be unconnected with the development of fox-hunting in the same

area. Three hundred and eighty acres were enclosed in 1773, and Lord Harborough received a seventh of the area in compensation for his rights as lord of the manor and for open field tithes. At this critical time he encouraged improved breeds of sheep and cattle, for which the new enclosures presented fresh opportunities, "by unremitting attention and liberality among the farmers," and by annual prizes to his tenants. He also introduced the drill plough.

The son of this model landowner was the perpetrator of the outrage with which this article began. "Such a selfish spirit in a great landed proprietor was enough," in the opinion of contemporaries, "to convert all the middle classes into Chartists." Society was saved, however, from upheaval by the death of the earl in 1859, when his widow, who married a Major Clagett, pulled up the dog spears and opened the coverts. There was no heir to the earldom, but the Irish barony of Leitrim passed away to a distant cousin, and the estates were subsequently bought by the father of the present owner.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

RED-HOT

POKERS

THE lily order is remarkable for the many handsome plants that it contains, one of the stateliest families being the torch lilies—or flame flowers, as they are sometimes called, in allusion to the red, torch-like character of the inflorescence. The genus *Kniphofia* is an extensive one of about fifty species, mostly natives of South Africa, with a few others found in Central Africa and Abyssinia. Of these about thirty have been, or are, in cultivation, and among them are some of the most handsome and striking of autumn-flowering plants. Large irregular groups planted in open sunny spots provide a brilliant effect during the late summer and autumn, and, once established in well drained, loamy soil, they require little attention beyond a top-dressing of rich soil or well rotted manure occasionally. When in full flower a large mass is very effective from afar, so that these plants are of great value for grouping on lawns, margins of woods, and on sloping banks near water. The best for this purpose are the numerous forms of *K. aloides* and other strong-growing kinds. The various species differ to a considerable extent, ranging from the grassy leaved *K. breviflora*, with narrow leaves and slender stems about 2ft. high, to the handsome and broad-leaved forms of *K. aloides*, some of which have stems up to 8ft. high or more. In addition to the wild species, there are numerous seedlings and garden hybrids which have been raised in recent years, many of which are very attractive as well as being an improvement on the older kinds. The majority lose all their foliage and die down in the winter, some exceptions being *K. caulescens* and *K. Tysoni*, which form stout stems crowned with a tuft of evergreen foliage. In spite, however, of their evergreen character, these two are quite hardy.

One of the oldest as well as one of the most handsome species is *K. aloides*, sometimes called *Tri-toma Uvaria*. It is an excellent border plant, flourishing in any good soil, coming into flower in the late summer and lasting in good condition for several weeks. One of the finest forms is the variety *nobilis*, a robust and noble plant having stems reaching a height of 6ft. to 8ft. and bearing long heads of flowers, varying in colour from scarlet to orange-red, in August. Other good kinds are the variety

grandiflora, with rich orange-scarlet and yellow flowers in July the variety *Saundersii*, a very free-flowering and beautiful sort with rich coral-red flowers in September. Other handsome garden forms vary in colour from pale yellow to orange and red, one of which is *K. Rouge et Soufre*, with stems 6ft. high and long spikes of flowers, the lower being sulphur coloured while the upper ones are red. Closely allied to the above species, and also a native of South Africa, is *K. Burchellii*, a fine species, with large heads of flowers, red at the top and yellow below. A handsome early-flowering kind is *K. praecox*, which bears its densely crowded spikes of orange-red flowers in May. *K. Rooperi* is another kind belonging to this set, with red and yellow flowers in November.

Among the many members of the genus is a set with evergreen leaves and caulescent habit. Of these, *K. caulescens* resembles a *yucca* in growth, with stout stems and glaucous leaves with a slight keel. The red and yellow flowers are produced in July in dense heads about 6ins. in length. *K. Northiae* has very broad glaucous leaves that have no keel on the underside. The flowers are borne in dense spikes up to 1ft. in length, the upper ones being red, while the lower ones are yellow. As it hybridises very freely, the true plant is seldom met with in gardens, the leaves of most plants grown under this name having a distinct keel on the underside of the leaf. *K. Tuckii* is a comparatively new introduction from Cape Colony, with stiff and tapering leaves, and stout flower stems up to 5ft. high. Borne in dense spikes in May, the flowers are red at first, changing to yellow with age. *K. Tysoni* is similar to the above in habit, with the same coloured flowers, but these are produced in September and October. All are natives of South Africa.

From Abyssinia we have the beautiful *K. comosa* here illustrated, one of the most charming plants in the genus. It has

flower heads 4ins. long and 2½ins. broad of rich yellow flowers, from which protrude numerous long scarlet stamens, giving the whole a very attractive appearance. The long foliage is somewhat weak and straggling, while the stems reach a height of 4ft. to 5ft. One of the peculiarities of this species is its branching habit, a secondary spike often appearing below the main one. It lasts in flower from May to October, and,

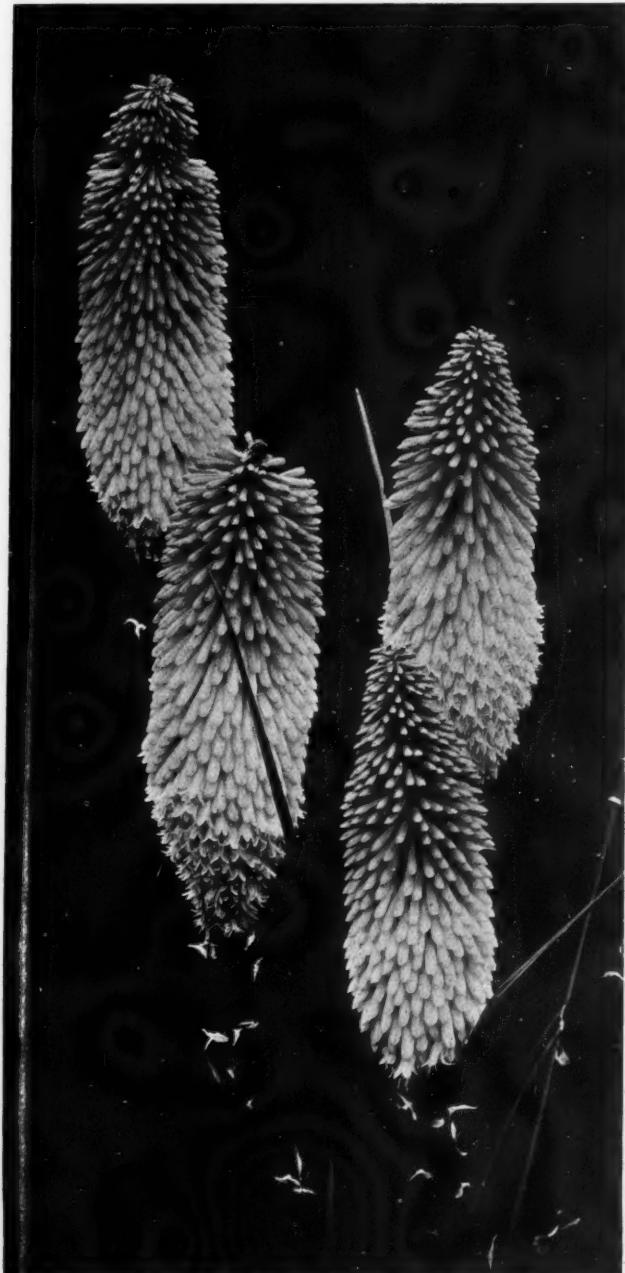


RED-HOT POKERS ARE OLD-FASHIONED, BUT ARE ALWAYS BRILLIANT IN COLOURING.

unlike those of most other kinds, the upper flowers of the spike open first. Being somewhat tender, this species requires a little protection in winter. Another Abyssinian plant is *K. foliosa*, which does best against a warm south wall. It has long leaves and dense cylindrical heads of yellow, red-tinged flowers in autumn.

There are several kinds of dwarf habit with grassy leaves more suited for a sunny border or the back of the rock garden. Of these, *K. breviflora* grows about two feet high, with spikes of short yellow flowers clustered together, lasting from July to October. This species has been crossed with *K. Macowani*, a pretty plant with orange-scarlet flowers. The hybrids vary in colour from red to yellow, one of the best being *K. x Irvingii*, with spikes of pale yellow flowers. Another, *K. Goldelse*, has golden yellow flowers. A *corallina*, also figured, is a hybrid between *K. Macowani* and *K. aloides*, with brilliant scarlet flowers in September. It is one of the most robust in this section. *K. modesta*, a native of Natal, requires the protection of a south wall. It has long grassy leaves and long spikes of white flowers in September and October. *K. Nelsoni* is a taller plant, up to 3ft. high, with coral red flowers in spikes up to a foot in length in August. One of the earliest species to flower is *K. nifa*, with 3ft. stems and lax spikes of flowers, the lower being yellow while the upper ones are tinged with red. It is a native of Natal and has been freely used for crossing, several elegant garden forms being in cultivation.

One of the most remarkable plants in the genus is *K. erecta*, in which, instead of all the flowers being deflexed or horizontal,



KNIPHOFIA ROUGE ET SOUFRE.



A FLUFFY SPECIES FROM ABYSSINIA: *K. COMOSA*.

they all assume in time an erect position. It is an excellent free-flowering plant with orange-scarlet flowers.

All the hardy kinds are readily increased by means of division in spring, as well as by seed, which is freely produced in favourable seasons; they all grow well in a deep loamy soil of a rich nature but thoroughly well drained. Anything in the nature of stagnant moisture is fatal to their well-being. Unfortunately, some kinds are liable to injury by frost during severe winters, and consequently should have a good covering of ashes or dry leaves to protect the crowns from harm. Spring is the best time for replanting, and after the ground has been deeply trenched they can be replanted with the crowns about 4ins. below the surface, and all the fleshy roots should be spread out horizontally and not straight down in a bunch. They will then make good growth during the coming season, but do not usually flower freely till well established.

Their long established popularity is clearly seen from the number of synonyms connected with the plant: *kniphofia*, *tritoma*, *red-hot-poker*, *torch lily*, *flame flower*. It is only plants which are grown in practically every part of the British Isles which have such a profusion of names, although their striking appearance certainly lends itself to peculiar nomenclature. They are particularly showy plants if grown against a background of conifers, or a dark wall which will show off their brilliant colouring to best advantage, but in any case they are extremely useful as being among the best of autumn flowering herbaceous plants.

A BOOK OF PROVERBS

THE second series of *Wayside Sayings* (Duckworth, 7s. 6d.), by Selwyn Gurney Champion and Ethel Mavrogordato, deserves as cordial a welcome as the first. Every reader may not take so elevated a view of the proverbs as to say they are "little gospels" or "daughters of daily experience" or "God's kettle-drum" or any of the other fine phrases collected by the two authors. They may, on the contrary, hold the view that Tennyson evidently did when, with his prophetic eye, he saw his Amy—

old and formal fitted to thy petty part

With a hoard of little maxims preaching down a daughter's heart. Maxims, towards the beginning of the nineteenth century, evidently were not treasured as they were in the "spacious days" of Queen Elizabeth; still, they will never lose a certain salty flavour that seems inseparable from them, whatever language they are in. A great advantage of this collection is that the wise sayings are arranged according to nationality, and incidentally they picture the mentality of the different nations. The serious Englishman, even when he is inclined to miserliness, says devoutly, "A man may buy gold too dear," and there is something of Shakespeare's rustics in "Fresh fish and new come guests smell in three days," while the disappointed sportsman might have exclaimed to his companion, "God send you readier meat than running hares"; but where did this one come from: "A man that is fit to drink wine must have sugar in his beard, his eyes in his pocket and his feet in his hand"? "Sorrow is always dry" appears to have come from some thirsty soul, and the braggart is plainly told to "Wear a horn and blow it not," while the little farmer who used to inhabit the greater part of England makes his voice heard in the doleful complaint, "Women, priests and poultry never have enough."

The Scotsman's character is even more evident from his proverbs. "A going foot is always getting," though it is changed into vernacular English and therefore inferior to "A gangin foot is aye gettin," could only have come from a race who valued the sixpences; and a great many of the proverbs show the national canniness, as in "A winking cat is not always blind," "Be a friend to yourself and others will," "Count again is not forbidden," "Eaten meat is ill to pay," "Fools and bairns should not see half done turns." Another trait comes out in "It's a dry tale that does not end in a drink," "Law's costly, take a pint and agree," "Many a one kisses the child for love of the nurse." The Welsh proverbs also touch off the Welshman: "Accept a gift from a frog's mouth," says he; "Have a horse of thine own, and thou may'st borrow another's."

Good proverbs come from Egypt and Arabia, but were probably minted in a far-off time of which we have no very clear idea. "Truth is the porter of God" seems almost too solemn, and "Art thou a corpse-washer and dost thou give security for Paradise?" has a whiff of the Neolithic age in it. The Tamul proverbs savour very much of the grossness of country life. The first is one expressive of many: "A calf that goes with a pig will eat excrement." Others are difficult to understand, such as "He speaks like one gathering mixed vegetables." Modern cynicism seems to speak in "It is better to throw oneself into a well than to marry an old man." From the Talmud come such sayings as "If your wife is small stoop down and whisper in her ear," "Where there is no man, be thou the man." The Japanese define sorrow as "An itching place that is made worse by scratching," but the Land of Flowers ought not to have fathered "Better the dumplings than the apple blossom." The advice "Live under your own hat" seems pregnant. Of all nations, however, the Spanish are probably most addicted to maxims, if that, indeed, be not an impression gleaned from too much "Don Quixote." Sancho Panza might have told us that "A buxom widow must be either married, buried or shut up in a convent," and no moral cynic ever said anything more to the point than "Beauty and chastity have always a mortal quarrel between them," or "Beware of the wicked woman and trust not at all in the good one," and again, "Do not make me kiss and you will not make me sin," or "It goes ill with the house where the hen sings and the cock is silent." The Italians also have many wise sayings, such as "Wives, horses and books should never be lent," "Your last garment has no pockets." The French carry their own personality into their wisdom, and many have a Gallic wit "He who has wood can make shavings"; "Woman is an invalid" and "Who drinks will drink again." The Germans tell us some curious truths in their proverbs, such as "It is a greater toil to get to Hell than to Heaven," and "We hang little thieves and take off our hats to great ones," and there are more trivial sayings among them than one would expect from such a dull

nation. The Dutchman sententiously remarks that "At the bottom of the bag one finds the bill." "Dig your own garden" is given as "Cultivate" in the text, but surely a word of three letters is better than one of nine. It is curious, by the by, to find classified as a Dutch proverb the saying of Shakespeare, "The labour we delight in physics pain."

In Malagasy or Ohabolana they tell you not to be a "crowing hen," not to "boil meat that has not a name." Another, "Do not love me as a door; liked, but pushed to and fro." The Armenians are rich in proverbs: "Although you know very much, nevertheless take advice from your hat."

A great deal more might be written about the book, but we have probably said enough to show our readers that it is at once excellent and entertaining to look through and also a book to keep in the library for reference. The authors send it out with an excellent index of a very original and most convenient form.

The Spanish Farm, by R. H. Mottram. (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.)

THE amount of first-class literature that came out of the war is by no means large; poetry, short stories, novels, satires and all. Perhaps it was too intense while it lasted and the artist was too personally involved; or, perhaps, the general catastrophe of a war, vast and almost incomprehensible as it is, overshadows and detracts from the individual human interest which is the essential of a novel. Certainly the best work seems to have come to fruition well after the end of the war. Ewart's "Way of Revelation" was an example, and here is another. The heroine is a Flemish peasant girl, a type set as fast in its traditions and instincts as any Northern Europe can show—level-headed, tenacious, worshipping the soil it tills from morn to evening, from childhood to decrepitude—of such a type was Madeleine. The war swirled about her, and she, neither understanding nor desiring to understand this idiocy of men, took what it had to offer in suffering and in profits with the same determination. The form of the novel, almost wholly narrative, is strange. Every incident is presented only as it affects the central figure. The baron's son, the English officer, the war itself appear and disappear from the scene, and one seems to know without being told the separate lives of characters who came into the life of the Flemish girl. With none of the usual technical artifices of the novelist the author lays bare the psychology of his heroine from the opening chapter. There is no mystery about her, and yet the interest never flags. The background is painted with a restraint that is almost severe, and yet we are left with an unforgettable picture of that once familiar "back area" of the war. In its way it is little short of a masterpiece.

After the Verdict, by Robert Hichens. (Methuen, 7s. 6d.)

WITH lawn tennis standing where it does in our regard, Mr. Hichens has made an astute bid for popularity in taking for the heroine of his latest novel Vivian Denys, the English hope among women players. We are introduced to her at the moment when the man to whom she is betrothed is standing his trial for murder, and we get a taste of Vivian's quality when she faces her world that day and plays in a practice match before a gaping crowd, as her assertion of her faith in his innocence. Again, when Clive, found "Not guilty," wishes to hide himself under an assumed name, it is Vivian who insists that he shall take up his old position as an innocent man should. But scandalous tongues refuse to be silent, and a year or so after their marriage Clive is forced into bringing an action for slander which drags the whole matter once more before the public. His suffering is so intense that Vivian doubts her own wisdom, yields to his longing for freedom from staring eyes and whispering tongues, and allows him to take her to Africa, to a white house by the sea, palm trees and sunshine and everything else we expect from Mr. Hichens in such circumstances. Here the long-drawn-out history of their mental suffering comes to a conclusion which explains the mystery, of which both characters and reader have been conscious all the while, and holds for Vivian and Clive some promise of happiness. Mr. Hichens has succeeded remarkably in keeping some of his readers' sympathy for Clive, a somewhat abnormal man with a very unpleasant past history, but it is difficult to believe that a girl of Vivian's type would have married him, knowing, as she must have, his unsavoury connection with the murdered Mrs. Sabine.

The Hidden Player, by Alfred Noyes. (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.)

A BOOK of eleven short stories by Mr. Noyes is matter about which one cannot well keep silent; at the same time he has made the reviewing of them difficult. They are concerned for the most part with gruesome subjects, insanity, murder and the less attractive supernatural, and sometimes they are sentimental and sometimes beautiful, and sometimes they leave the reader mildly interested and sometimes stab his spirit wide awake. "Court Martial," for instance, is not particularly distinguished, as far as its theme goes, and the beginning is even a little weak, but the end describes certain incidents of the war from an individual standpoint with a simplicity which makes their horror almost overwhelming. These stories are a very mixed bag. "The Red Rat," which hits a shrewd and rather amusing blow at some modern versification, jostles "Checkmate," which is not quite successfully occult. Another has a moral for Bolsheviks. This is a story in which gleams of rare beauty and romance go mixed with wreaths and adventures in the desert—and yet another reads like a well written tract without texts. Almost anyone, whatever his taste, might find something to admire and something to dislike in Mr. Noyes' stories.

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Rosemary, (Sampson, Low, Marston and Co., Limited, 7s. 6d.) A GRACIOUS act of remembrance and gratitude was initiated by Miss Marta Cunningham when she founded the Not Forgotten Association to help and comfort nearly twenty thousand men left uncured from the Great War. Many of them will never walk again, many it is hoped modern science may yet send forth able to face the world once more. The Association visits these sufferers, of whom there are about four thousand in the London area, takes presents to alleviate the monotony of hospital life or the dullness of confined quarters at home, and, to those able to enjoy it, members offer hospitality, tea and games and garden parties at their own homes. It is a noble and compassionate work. In London there are still thirty cases bound to wheelchairs by spinal disabilities. These men are taught handwork—to make baskets, leatherwork, etc.—and are in the Association's own home hospital at Lonsdale House, Clapham Park. All these comforts and pleasures provided, gifts and excursions that brighten lives maimed for their country, require money. To help in that purpose Messrs. F. de Burgh and Walter Stoneman have published this book of poems and stories and articles by well known writers, and have called it *Rosemary*. New photographs have been taken of each contributor, of whom we can only mention a few to show the varied matter that makes up the volume. Sir Owen Seaman, E. V. Knox, John Drinkwater, Walter de la Mare, Compton Mackenzie and John Buchan are names taken at random from the interesting list. Sir Sidney Low has written an introduction from which the facts of the "N. F. A." are taken, and also an attractive tale which Lady Stanley has illustrated.

We hope earnestly that this book will achieve the purpose for which it has been unselfishly subscribed to and devotedly edited and arranged. It discharges a little of the debt we owe to those who, in the tenth year after hostilities began, are still being sacrificed to the cause of righteousness and freedom. "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance."

SOME BOOKS RECEIVED.

IN PRAISE OF ENGLAND, by H. J. Massingham. (Methuen, 7s. 6d.)

QUIET HOURS IN THE TEMPLE, by the Hon. Stephen Coleridge. (Mills and Boon, 4s.) The literary and historical associations of the Temple form the material of a very charming small volume.

THE DORSET YEAR BOOK. (The Society of Dorset Men in London, 2s. 6d.) A new poem by Mr. Hardy is first among several noteworthy contributions.

FICTION.

THE HOUSE OF THE ARROW, by A. E. W. Mason. (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.) A novel of mystery, murder and a French detective, with the junior partner in a firm of family solicitors for hero.

THE THREE HOSTAGES, by John Buchan. (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.) A story of the earlier experiences of the Sir Richard Hannay who is a character in "Greenmantle" and other of Mr. Buchan's books.

ROOM 13, by Edgar Wallace. (John Long, 7s. 6d.)

A SCOUTS' SUMMER CAMP

IMAGINE a Scout of some thirteen summers, after a rather wakeful night, rising at about 4.30 a.m. and rousing a sleepy parent to enquire if it is not time he got ready; but do not imagine the remarks of the sleepy parent—pass on until the clocks strike the half-hour (after seven!) and find a vigorous, fully awake mother trying to shake into consciousness an inert form over which sleep has at last triumphed.

Two fists rub two sleepy eyes, the mist of slumber clears away and recollection returns in a flash—camp!

A hasty donning of jersey and shorts, a breakfast unwillingly consumed, a few last injunctions about bathing, vests and post-cards, and an eager Scout shoulders his kit-bag to the station to join other Scouts and other kit-bags. Here we find a few parents dotted about among "dixies" and curious bulgy sacks which have just been unloaded from the trek-cart—trusty veteran. We are using light-weight tents this year, so one station barrow takes all the gear. No need for a porter—



"EQUIPMENT, KIT AND SCOUTS ARE PILED ON THE TOP."

many willing hands convey the load to the guard's van; the Scouts pile into the empty compartments awaiting them; the Scoutmaster has a word or two to say about carriage doors; the whistle blows, and the train steams out on its journey.

It is not long before appetites, missing at breakfast-time, return, and there is an unwrapping of parcels of sandwiches. Possibly some misguided youth throws his wrapper

out of the window and is duly admonished. There is great competition for a place at the window, mile-posts are counted, the speed of the train is estimated, the railway map consulted at intervals, now a burst of song, now a friendly scrap, with, perchance, a human bundle pushed under the seat.

A few may read magazines for a time, but when we are brought down close by the sea shore, all are eager to take in the strong air blowing across the bay, and the big steamer in the distance with the four funnels is promptly identified—or, rather, guessed at—by several of the party, each of whom



WORK AND PLAY.

Comfortable camp-made back-rests;



Practice with the spinning top.

vigorously upholds the particular name he has selected, until we arrive at our destination. Here we find a lumbering old farm wagon with two strong horses awaiting us. Equipment, kit and Scouts are piled on to the top, and the wagon starts on its six-mile journey. Occasionally a Scout who is beginning to feel cold will get out and walk. Suddenly there is a lurch, and a wheel bumps down into a ditch; but all is soon well again and the cargo is safely landed on the farm where the camp is to be pitched.

Some of the Scouts get on with the necessary digging, some pitch the tents in a semicircle, with the jointed flag-pole in the centre, while others fetch water and wood, light the fire and prepare the first camp meal. These first few hours are strenuous ones for all, and it is at such times, when all the Scouts are longing to have a dip in the sea and explore generally, that the value of self-discipline may be seen. At last all is cleared up, the camp is ship-shape and an eager crowd set forth to see what is on the other side of the stile—one of the camp boundaries. A full moon is shining brightly from an almost cloudless sky as we wind down the path to the top of the cliffs, where a magnificent sight awaits us: a peaceful bay lit up by the moonbeams lies far below, the water lapping gently against the line of rocks which shelter it from the open sea, while all around are huge jagged cliffs. We hasten along the cliffs and down the steep path to the beach, where we sit and drink in the glory of this perfect summer evening, until drooping eyelids warn us that we have already had a heavy day. Happily we wend our way back to camp, and it is not long before the last light goes out and all is still.

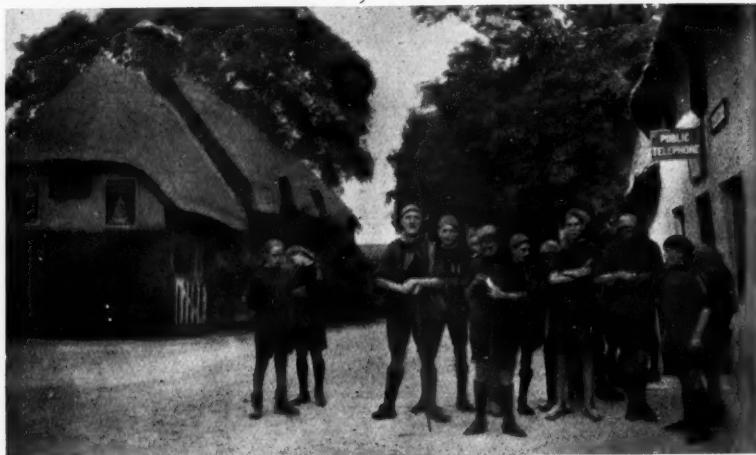
The patrols take turns in cooking and other duties, and there are always plenty of odd jobs to be done. Blankets have to be aired, guy-lines adjusted, wood chopped—and sometimes, even, faces washed. Odd half-hours are spent in making camp expedients such as back-rests, plate-racks and weather-vanes. Practice with the lariat and spinning rope fills many spare moments, while cricket, hand-ball and tennis, with enamel plates as rackets, are always popular. The mail is awaited with interest, and the "S.M." soon finds most of his cash converted into postal orders.

Morning prayers and inspection are usually followed by scouting practices—tracking, map-reading, signalling. The neighbouring hills afford good facilities for signal stations. Then comes the morning bathe in "our" bay—several swim for the first time, others who are but indifferent swimmers attain their ambition by swimming out to the rocks, from which a good dive is possible. A sun bath follows, with a scramble along the rocks; and then—most important of all—the midday meal. Then comes the hour's rest, compulsory but not unwelcome, in which the daily log is written up and letters or post-cards are written home, sometimes of a cryptic nature, such as "S.O.S., L.S.D., R.S.V.P." Someone conceives the brilliant idea of opening a "providore" for the retailing of chocolate, apples, etc., while a youthful extortioner sells, for a halfpenny a glass, water in which he has washed some lemon peel (the juicy part of the lemon having been previously consumed).

One day we go for a glorious walk along the cliffs with their wonderful strata, up and up, until we command a splendid view of land and sea. The Scouts are shown an Ordnance map of the district, and realise, some for the first time, that they have a perfect reproduction on paper of the country they are viewing. Down the side of the hill we scramble to a quiet little bay, and then gradually ascend again, passing through a leafy wood whose shelter is welcome after the glare of the sun on the hills. On emerging, we turn along a hedged road and soon come to the first thatched cottage of a little village. We refresh ourselves at a small low-ceilinged shop, which is the post-office, and displays in the window a delightful collection of china ornaments, soap, toffee, boot polish and babies' comforters. The "S.M." generous offer to "stand treat" in the last-named commodity is "politely" refused, and when he has picked himself up from the ground, we wend our way back by foot-paths through ever-changing country, now through a fine avenue of beech trees, now through dense undergrowth waist-high, until we come out into the open and in sight of



BATHING IN "OUR" BAY.



ON THE TRAMP.



A SCRAMBLE ALONG THE ROCKS.



WHEN THE POST COMES IN.

our camp, to which we gradually descend, having it in full view for the rest of our journey.

Another day we decide to take a trip by steamer to a neighbouring seaside resort. Some enjoy themselves—others do not; "Porky," who is a good sailor, tries to swell the ranks of those who do not by dangling a piece of ham fat from his sandwich before their eyes, with suitable remarks. "Carolina" helps him, and is the first to succumb, to the great delight of the tormented ones, who surround him on all sides but one, with gleeful grins. However, there are few not ready for a good square meal on return to camp.

Who are these two bands of savages approaching each other stealthily with war-like intent? They are the "Wangs" and the "Brahmas," clad in shorts only and armed with buckets and mugs full of water. They started more fully clad, but their attire is now uniform. Blood-curdling yells rend the air as each brave discharges his liquid with deadly aim, the fight raging fiercest round the water supply, which each side strives to hold. After a time the Scoutmaster thinks that everyone's ardour should be sufficiently cooled; the whistle blows, and, in place of savage "Brahmas" and "Wangs," dutiful Scouts come doubling up to take their places in their patrols, and are dismissed for a rub down and change and increase of clothing.

There is nothing at camp more inspiring than the camp fire at night, when all the Scouts come together and sit on logs round the jolly blaze; the coloured blankets in which they are wrapped add just that savage touch dear to the heart of every

boy, while the scented pines around satisfy their delight in the mysterious. For their elders, the circle of faces, lit by the flames, forms a never-ending study as the flush of vigorous enjoyment during a rollicking chorus gives place to a more thoughtful expression when the song changes to, say, "The Old Folks at Home." The mingling of voices in the familiar camp songs draws them all closer together, while they are eager to listen to the solos of their brother Scouts, applauding heartily even the poorest effort. The fire begins to die down, there are eight hours sleep to be got in before the work of to-morrow, so we have the "Good-night" song, last prayers, and so to our tents. The "S.M." goes the rounds with his choice selection of pills, iodine, camphorated oil, sunburn lotion and the like; there are, maybe, a few snatches of songs sung at the camp fire, the lights go out and all is quiet.

Of striking camp we cannot speak—or, rather, we do not want to—it is far too sad. We have to get up early so that every scrap of paper can be cleared up before we go, pits filled in, and so on. We do not mind how long the train takes to get home; it means a little longer together, and the faces do not get really bright again until they reflect the pleasure of fond parents delighted with their brownness.

That is all. Probably the average active service man's account of the war would take up an equal amount of space, but, put several together to talk over the little incidents that happened, and hour after hour will be spent with the end still not in sight.

G. C. AGER.

OWNERS AND THEIR CHANCES FOR THE GIMCRACK STAKES

NOTES ON RECENT RACING.

WHO will be qualified to respond for the chief toast of the evening when next the Gimcrack Club hold their annual dinner at York early in December? Last year, it will be recalled, the Gimcrack Stakes was won for Lord Derby by the colt that made history at Epsom last June—Sansovino—but the country happened to be in the throes of a general election about the time of the convivial affair later in the year, and Lord Derby sent apologies for his absence. It is always interesting on the eve of a York meeting to turn to the Gimcrack Stakes and indulge in some conjecture as to the probable outcome of the race.

It is not one of the early closing races, for when the entries are due on the first day of January each year owners and trainers should know rather more of their young ones than they do when called upon to make entries for many other races, notably for the classic races. A young horse can alter a great deal in two or three months just before becoming a two year old. Yet, in looking at the entry for the race which is due to be run on Thursday of next week, one cannot fail to notice quite a number that would certainly not have been entered had the entry closed, say, this week. Either they have failed to stand training or they have proved to be incapable of winning a race of any sort. Lord Derby, I see, had caused four to be entered. They are Schiavoni, Conquistador, Brodick Bay and Field Azure. I hesitate to suggest that Lord Derby will qualify for the invitation to make a speech this year, since on what is known publicly not one of the four can have much chance of success. For that matter two of the four have never even been seen in public, though to be sure that is no bar to their winning when making a first appearance on a racecourse. Sansovino won first time out as a two year old; so also did those smart newcomers at Goodwood—Saucy Sue, Priory Park and Picaroon.

Schiavoni, to justify his splendid breeding, should gain distinction one day, for, being a son of Swynford from Serenissima, he is a full brother of that splendid mare Tranquil, the winner of the St. Leger last year. Field Azure is a chestnut colt by Skyrocket from The Tabard. We await a formal introduction to him. Something, although it is indefinite, is known of the other two. Thus Brodick Bay, a bay filly by Swynford from Rothesay Bay, ran behind Priory Park at Goodwood, and Conquistador, a chestnut colt by Stedfast from Santa Cruz, ran behind the first three in a little maiden race at Nottingham last week. On the whole we must look elsewhere this year for the winner of the "Gimcrack."

Sir Edward Hulton is an owner who has frequently won the Gimcrack Stakes, but does not look like doing so in 1924. His four entries were Oojah, Vitality, Rocketer and Joyous. Rocketer and Vitality have no form to command the necessary respect, while Joyous has not run and Oojah won as recently as this week. Joyous is the rather hollow-backed filly by Gay Crusader from the dam of Mumtaz Mahal that made 6,800 guineas as a yearling last year. No doubt she was primarily bought for the stud, but her owner is one who would not mind winning a few thousands with her while in training. Who would, indeed, after giving such a long price? Four also were entered for the Aga Khan, though I cannot imagine his being in England at the time the banquet is held were he to have the luck to win the race. The best of his entry, so far

as we know, is Diacquenod, who won the International Stakes at Kempton Park last week, and is not unlikely to perform at York, though he is in other races of importance. His trainer has an idea that there is some further improvement in this chestnut colt by Diadumenos. The others in the Aga Khan's name are Saintly Sovereign, Via Volta and Zambo. The last named is by Sunstar from Airashii, and though he has not been seen in public, he is, I understand, well thought of.

Owners who are probably interested in the race at this moment are Sir Abe Bailey with Son of Spring, Mr. F. Gretton with Iceberg, Sir Charles Hyde with Game Shot, Lord Lonsdale with Warden of the Marches, Mr. H. E. Morris with Manna, Sir John Rutherford with the Sun Worship colt, Sir H. Stobart with In Ernest, Mrs. S. Whitburn with Chang Chia, Mr. James White with Sir Kenneth, and Lord Woolavington with Margeritta. The last named with Manna and Warden of the Marches are in the Beckhampton stable, which looks to have the best chance of all of winning the race. Warden of the Marches is the non-winner among them, but he was second very close up the other day to Diacquenod in that race at Kempton Park, and I know how much disappointed his trainer was that he did not win. It is in his favour that this chestnut colt by Phalaris from Mary Mona has fine size and scope and is extraordinarily good looking. There are many possibilities before him.

We have to remember that the Gimcrack Stakes is decided over six furlongs and stamina is an essential. Manna won over six furlongs at Goodwood and with great ease, though he may not have had much to beat. Still, there is no doubt he is a good two year old, no matter what he may be as a second season horse. Margeritta has never won over six furlongs, and I am just a trifle doubtful about her where that sixth furlong is concerned. To my mind she and Manna are the best in the entry, though they are both heavily penalised and will have to give weight away. Still, Sansovino showed how it could be done last year. Nothing has been seen of the Gainsborough-Sun Worship colt since he beat Chang Chia by a head for the Exeter Stakes on the July course at Newmarket. He was a big growing colt and they may have been taking good care of him, but his winning form is not so good as it appeared at the time, judged by what Chang Chia has done, or failed to do, since.

Neither have I set eyes on Iceberg since this winner of the Coventry Stakes at Ascot was beaten on the July course at Newmarket by Diomedes. But he is a good one beyond question, and though he does not strike me as being a true stayer, I should like to see him included in the field at York next week. Sagacity was to run at Stockton this week, and I take it his starting next week will depend on what happened at the other northern meeting. Son of Spring beat a half-fit horse in Grandpre at Goodwood, by which I mean it to be understood that Grandpre will be ever so much better for training and racing as time goes on. Still, he won over six furlongs by staying on stoutly, and horses of that sort can never be held cheaply when stamina is in question.

Nothing has been seen of El Cacique for a long time. Sir George Bullough gave 5,000 guineas for this Argentine son of the defunct Tracery, and only once has he appeared in public. It was when he did not make a wholly good impression for the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom. I expect he has not been an easy subject to train. Chang Chia is not a wonder by any means, though

I still believe he will improve. He is by Santo, and improvement with the passing of time is a characteristic of the breed. Sir Kenneth will scarcely be good enough, though he has a big pull in the weights, and, personally, I prefer Sir Charles Hyde's charming filly Game Shot. She has been out three times to win twice, and though the company was not exalted, she won each time in good style. I like this filly very much indeed, and give her a decided chance, especially as I believe she will get the distance all right.

Of last week's racing quite the best was seen at Kempton Park, which place is being steadily improved under a changed directorate. Nothing could have been more perfect than the going, thanks in part to the weather having been favourable, while also the management have discovered a new texture of fine grass, which is spreading and immensely improving the character of the turf. I have mentioned above how Diacquenod won the International Two Year Old Stakes for the Aga Khan. He was not as good a favourite as either Jovial, owned by the King, or Warden of the Marches. Jovial gained a flattering reputation at Goodwood, where he was second to the very smart Saucy Sue for the Lavant Stakes. He was only second, as I thought, on sufferance, while others were easing up when pursuit of Saucy Sue was seen to be hopeless. It was in the same race that Black Friar ran so badly. That my view was correct was proved by the showing in this Kempton Park race, though it should be added that Jovial did not make the best of starts through another interfering with him. There is no doubt that the best two year old owned by the King is Runnymede.

Diacquenod is by Diadumenos from Miss Cobalt, and was bred at the Sledmere stud. He cost 2,000 guineas as a yearling, at which age he was particularly good-looking. His dam, Miss Cobalt, also bred that good mare Blue Lady, once the property of the late Lord Manton, and subsequently leased to Mr. Somerville Tattersall, for whom she was a good winner. Mr. R. C. Dawson, who trains Diacquenod, was saying the other day that he does not think anything like the best has been seen of the colt. Well, there is a chance to win further distinction

at York next week, as I have shown in my comments on the race for the Gimcrack Stakes. At Kempton Park also we saw Keror, twice second at Ascot and third for the Goodwood Cup, now show himself capable of winning a mile and half Apprentices' Plate. He made hacks of the rest. Mizen Mast, who could not win the Goodwood Plate, made some atonement by winning the Round Course Handicap of two miles for Lady Nelson, and Polymion, for whom Sir George Bullough paid 5,000 guineas as a yearling, failed to win a maiden race once again.

Mrs. Arthur James has got a very fine sprinter in Sunstone, who much impressed the writer when he won the Molyneux Cup at Liverpool, and was capable last week at Nottingham of gaining further distinction in a particularly interesting sprint handicap. This is one of the best six furlong handicappers in the country, and his trainer, the Hon. George Lambton, has done very well indeed with him. At Windsor, later in the same week, Mr. J. C. Baird, who maintains a breeding stud at which the Manchester Cup winner Lorenzo has been located, won another race with his filly by Friar Marcus from Alga. This is a very good filly indeed, not the best of her age we have seen perhaps, but still something out of the ordinary, and with wonderfully fine speed. Here is an instance, and a very striking one, too, of a yearling bargain. She was not bred by Mr. Baird. The late Martin Garry would take much interest in her were he alive now, for he bred the filly at his stud just outside Newmarket. Five were sold the same evening at Newmarket a year last July, and this one made the bottom price with one exception. Mr. Baird showed his excellent judgment by picking her out and securing her for 260 guineas. I fancy she is the only one of the five to win this season. Unfortunately, she was struck out of the classic races for which she had been entered. These things are done for the best, I suppose, and such action can only mean that when it is taken the horses concerned are not shaping like potential classic winners. Anyhow, this filly is one of the bargains of the sales in 1923. Another, of course, is Diomedes, who was picked up at the Dublin sales for an equally small sum. Mr. Baird, by the way, has quite a fair chance of winning the Ebor Handicap next week with Brisi.

PHILIPPOS.

HAUNTS OF THE ANGLER

THE Ure has many claims on the affections of anglers, especially of Yorkshire ones. It contains both trout and grayling, and in some of the shallower reaches parr will rise at every cast. Its course lies through the green and fertile valley of Wensleydale, past Aysgarth with its three waterfalls known as Aysgarth Force, and through the lovely wooded ravine of Hackfall: then it reaches Tanfield, and later Ripon, where it is joined by the Skell, meeting the waters of the Swale at Boroughbridge, where it forms the Ouse.

On this beautiful river, with its long banks of silvery shingle where the sandpipers flit, and with its shaded recesses—green woodland rides with glassy floors of water in place of bluebells—one finds a constant change of scene. The river, indeed, has hidden pathways where it is safe to wade, and these can only be learned by experience. Often a raised bed of shingle is found in mid-stream, and from this one can fish the wider channels on either hand in security. By means of these submerged paths, often so narrow that they barely give a foothold, one can explore the secret recesses of the stream, where the densely wooded banks rise high to right and left, forming a leafy tunnel.

Just where the swift torrent rushes round the corner of the willows from the wide sheltered pool above, there is a big mossy rock. The tide curls round it fiercely, but in its lee there is a little patch of water that is practically still. The fly alights softly on this backwater; then we see an olive green shadow move from its lair, and a second later the line tightens. A few yards down-stream the current is split by a mass of driftwood mainly submerged. The obviously right thing for the hooked fish to do is to keep to the main stream, where we can get on good terms with him in the deeper water below. He fails to see it, however, turns abruptly almost at right angles, darts through a narrow cut to the bank and carries the line over the tangle of weed-wreathed stumps and boughs, where he noses down into the awkward water beyond. He is a good fish, for the reel screamed merrily at his first rush, and he deserves careful attention.

The trouble is that we are standing on a narrow ledge of rock with the water already well up to the waders, and we cannot get an inch nearer to him in order to better our place. We keep as much strain on him as the little 8ft. greenheart and the 4 x cast will permit, but we find at last he has come to a steady anchorage: has embedded himself, in fact, on the wrong side of the driftwood. The position seems almost hopeless, but the resources of civilisation are not altogether exhausted. We always carry an old gaff-head, hammered to a V shape, with the inner angle sharpened like a knife blade. This can be screwed on to the landing-net shaft, or by means of a strong cord attached can be thrown round an obstruction, when it grips like a grapping-iron and cuts like a reaping-hook.

The drifted mass in the stream looks formidable enough, but after a few tugs of the reaping hook the less firmly embedded parts of it come away and sail down the stream. The line goes

too, so we infer we have shifted both the fish and his sanctuary. As the stick-island begins to disintegrate in mid-stream the good trout shakes himself free and we are able to recover something of our nearly exhausted line. But he is weary of the fray, and we soon see his amber and red-spotted sides turning in the folds of the net.

Beneath the village is a great weir, with the stream rushing through the stepping-stones. Just below this there is a deep tree-darkened stretch of slowly moving water. By wading warily one can reach this from a bank of shingle, often submerged. A good fish usually lies here. Rumour has it that he is anything from three to four pounds. We remember the first day we tried for him. He ignored flies, regarding them as suited to amuse the little splashing parr but hardly equal to his own dignity. We chanced to have an old minnow-trace in the tackle box. The swivels were rusty and the fight was a very light aerial, with its three triangles more or less intact. A tiny parr took the place of a minnow. It went gently out into the rock-guarded recess under the trees and came flickering back, dimly seen through the dark water. At the second cast the silvery gleam of the parr was overwhelmed by a dark shadow. Something fierce and terrible had seized it. After the first straight rush to his hold in the rock pool the fish appeared to rest awhile, but the strain of the little rod soon became irksome, and he sailed slowly and deliberately down-stream, keeping well beneath the shadow of the trees. A slightly increased pressure brought him nearer to our own side: we recovered a little line, but he resented the indignity on the instant and shot back to his sanctuary, making the cast hiss through the water. Again and again we coaxed him forth, for our frail tackle only served to indicate the direction we wished him to take rather than to enforce it. He weakened at last, and we saw for the first time his dim bulk turning laxly from side to side. Just as the net reached him he gave a weary flop, more a gesture of submission than an effort to escape; but the hold broke, the rod straightened, and he sank listlessly into the deeps, never to be seen again.

Above the weir a narrow path skirts an expanse of still water. On the steep hanging bank great beech trees grow, and the ground below is covered with a soft brown carpet of mast. Following the declivities and abrupt ascents we come to a little open space where the river may be entered. It narrows here, and all through the beautiful ravine of Hackfall it resolves itself into a series of murmuring streams and dark little pools guarded by mossy rocks. A thousand sights and sounds of summer are all around us. Flies flit over the shallows and the trout and parr keep rising at them with tiny splashes. A kingfisher goes by, flashing blue beneath the hanging boughs, and a grey wagtail trips lightly on a mossy ledge. Seen through the tree-tops are the towering crags where the kestrel nests at times and the busy jackdaws and starlings call from stark projecting branches. Hackfall in June is a place that lives in the memory.

H. KNIGHT HORSFIELD.

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CORRESPONDENCE

CHIVALRY IN GAMES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—Certain happenings, much to be deplored, at the recent Olympic meeting in France, have been made the occasion for lament over what has been called "the lost chivalry of games." I have a hope that, in England at all events, and, I will add, in America also, the loss is not so complete as is supposed. I was indeed surprised, and even mildly incensed, by an article in the *Times* at the end of last cricket season—September 10th was the exact date. The article was headed "Of Course," with, for sub-title, "The Chivalry of Cricket." The action which the writer acclaimed as so singularly chivalrous arose out of an accident—an accident happening to a certain bowler of strictly dexterous habit, obliging him to finish up his over left-handedly. "Off these balls Mr. —, of course, did not attempt to score." That, within inverted commas, is the actual reporter's comment. But it is the other writer's further remark upon that comment to which I so take exception; for we find him going on thus:—"It may be said, without fear of contradiction, that nothing of the kind could occur in any other game," and forthwith he proceeds to adduce instances from football, from rowing, from golf, and from other episodes in cricket itself, in order to show how unique is that spirit of chivalry which inspired the batsman, "of course," not to score. But the very instances which he quotes from cricket would seem to argue that such chivalrous conduct was by no means a matter of course, while some of the instances from the other games are alien from the point, because they are instances in which the umpire, or the referee, has to do the "scoring," to exact the penalty. And whatever we may take as the right and highest standard for a player, there can be but one standard for an umpire. He must act in the very spirit of Mrs. Sarah Battle and maintain "the rigour of the game," and of its rules. But what I so particularly object to is this gratuitously invidious criticism of the *Times* writer, that cricket is thus peculiarly the game of chivalry. "Cricketers," he concludes, "value the thought that their game is not as other games are, and they thank your reporter for his use of the phrase 'of course.'" Are cricketers truly thus pharisaical? I hope not. I rather hope, moreover, that in every game we may find opportunity and instance of generous dealing. Now here let me cite one from golf, which may be in the memory of many a reader. The game was the final heat in the Amateur Championship at Hoylake in 1898, the players being the late grievously lamented Mr. F. G. Tait and Mr. Mure Fergusson. Going to the third hole, Mr. Fergusson, if he will pardon my recalling the momentary aberration, drove out of the straight course. The ball wandered on to the putting green of the fourteenth hole. According to the local rule then in use, the player himself should have dropped the ball over his shoulder at the point where the ball left the third hole course, and should have lost a stroke. What was done was that Mr. Charles Hutchings, who was referee for the match, dropped the ball, which fell into a horrid "skelp," where some villain had omitted to replace his "divot." Then Mr. Tait came up, to find out what was going on. Seeing how the ball lay, he picked it up, took it out of the "skelp" and set it on a fair lie. It was a fine generous act, possibly Quixotic. Perhaps it was "not golf," but surely it was something better. According to the rigour of the rule, Mr. Tait had lost the hole through moving his opponent's ball; but the rule's rigour was not applied. So much about golf. Then at lawn tennis (your own tennis correspondent wrote on this very subject last week), I was present at that match in which Mr. Tilden won his last championship here from Mr. Norton, although Mr. Norton's defeat, on that occasion, was due purely to his own caprice. There happened a stroke from Mr. Tilden which sent the ball yards high out of court, but the ball touched Mr. Norton's accidentally uplifted hand as it went by him. Rightly, and of course, the umpire scored the point to Mr. Tilden. But Mr. Norton's next service, in order to put things equal, Mr. Tilden patted carefully into the bottom of the net. Again, "not lawn tennis," perhaps; but surely some better thing. So, too, in other games, if only we might pass them all in review, we should find, as I hope and believe, that chivalry is not dead; and I trust that no cricketer will play the rôle of Pharisee, as this *Times* writer suggests for him, nor think that, in this respect at least, "his game is not as other men's games."—HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

MORLAND'S SHOOTING PICTURES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—I have just been reading your Shooting Number for July 12th. Your contributor makes one mistake. In Morland's picture the young shooter is not "replenishing a nipple," but "priming a pan" with small priming flask of finest powder. The percussion cap was not invented till 1818, did not become common till *circa* 1830, and only got into the army, 1842, against the Commander-in-Chief's (the Duke of Wellington) inclination. All this was post-Morland. It so happens that about twenty years ago I had offered to me George Morland's gun, a single barrel flintlock of French make. It was practically in new condition with little or no wear and corresponded exactly with that in a coloured engraving of one of his pictures, with which I was able to compare it. Morland was no sportsman. What he did was to copy the dress and appearance of the young Cockney shooters who frequented the suburban public-houses where he spent too much of his time. If you want to know what they did, the old song "The Day we went a-shooting" will tell you, though that is twenty years or more later than Morland. The habits and customs of the species, however, had not altered. Stubbs, the Cruickshanks and the early drawings of Alken, sen., will show you what the real shooters were like round about Morland's time.—F. WILLIAM COCK.

[Dr. Cock is quite right, but we cannot regret the error in the article since it has produced so pleasant a letter of correction.—ED.]

MARKET DAYS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—Though market days in old country towns are not of such local importance as they used to be, they are still interesting enough, and on an idle summer's day it is amusing to stand and watch the scene, of some quiet, sleepy, old town waking up into life again as market time approaches. In some of the smaller towns there is such an air of drowsiness in the morning that it seems as if nothing short of an earthquake will bring the inhabitants forth from their doors; the old houses and the sunny streets "dozing, as it were, in the hot light," with, farther on, perhaps, a quiet river winding its way through the meadows surrounding the town. But as the afternoon draws on, the place begins to show signs of activity, as one or two large motor lorries pull up near the inn, and the men, experts at this game, soon have all the contents of the wooden cases unpacked and set out in order, on straw spread over the ground; while smaller and more delicate pieces of china are arranged on the stalls which the men quickly set up, with cool green canvas awnings. Other booths are laden with dozens of cheap hats, pottery, baskets, or some other products of local industry; and then, if it isn't "closing time" at the

bar, the men stroll into the inn to quench their thirst, for their trade is a tiring one in hot weather. "Come and buy!" Here's your chance! "Cheap wedding rings," cries a cheap Jack. ("Keep your audience in a good humour," he says to himself, "and your goods will always go off quickly!") "Cheap wedding rings! Some calls 'em man-traps and handcuffs! all gold! You'll never have a better chance!" Rings and brooches, in attractive little cases, do a brisk business, and the happy owners go away, in the heat of the moment's excitement, under the impression that they have got something for practically nothing—only to find on closer inspection at home that they have probably paid something for nothing! Now and then there is much shouting and commotion as one or two refractory and perspiring sheep and bullocks refuse to keep to the straight and narrow way left to them, and make unexpected darts down side streets, scattering the people, or dash in between the stalls, narrowly escaping piles of "priceless" crockery spread out on the ground.—M. G. T.

A MARTEN IN SUSSEX.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—I have seen the marten twice since my former letter and have no doubt at all about its identity, but am puzzled as to how it reached the locality, unless it is an escape. The ferrets used about the district are "white" ones. Perhaps it is possible that some rare animals are more common than we suppose and are not seen owing to lack of observation. To my great regret, this 4 acres of "wild country" has changed hands and men are already at work cutting down the wild growth around the "hammer-ponds," so I suppose the marten is doomed. Fortunately, there is very little game-keeping done in this district, and the men who go rabbiting do not care to waste powder and shot upon anything else. Hence it may go on to other and more secluded places and, perhaps, survive—at least, I hope so.—H. T. C.

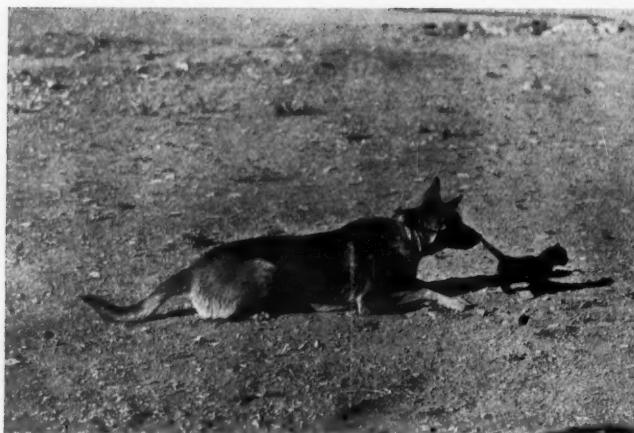
A SCOTER INLAND.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—It may be worthy of record that a common male scoter (*Ædemia nigra*) appeared on one of my small ponds in the garden (in Hertfordshire), on Monday, August 4th. The pond is within 25yds. of the front door, and this black sea duck swam about close to me, only diving when someone walked on the other side of the water. The bird was in apparently perfect condition and an adult. It was evidently feeding upon the smaller rudd which abound. This species of duck breeds in Iceland and the North of Scotland, etc., and frequents the open sea and the estuaries of rivers; but I fancy it is not often seen calmly swimming on a small inland pond in a garden.—HUBERT ASTLEY.



"WHERE HAS COMMERCE SUCH A MART?"



A CAT AND DOG LIFE.



A BON CHAT BON RAT.

DE AMICITIA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—The enclosed may be of interest to your readers as showing how, when hard up for companionship, animals that are by nature enemies may become friends. I took the photograph of the cat down at Hermit Rest, a camp 5,000ft. below the rim of the Grand Canyon, North Arizona. The cat plays with the white rats continually, with never a thought of hurting them, but will instantly kill ordinary brown mice and rats. The dog I snapped at the Seven Dash Ranch, South Arizona. He has no companions but a white Persian cat with which he was brought up. When the cat had two kittens the dog shared them with their mother, playing with them and showing the utmost care and tenderness.—IDA FLOWER.

A BELATED CUCKOO.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—A correspondent in COUNTRY LIFE mentions hearing the cuckoo calling in July. Morris, in his "British Birds," speaks of a cuckoo calling quite late in the year. I cannot give the date as I have not the book beside me at the present moment. Personally, I only remember one occasion when I heard a cuckoo calling very late in the year. That was on September 3rd, 1920. I was exploring a wood in the Pas de Calais on that date and distinctly heard the call three times repeated and saw the cuckoo fly past and perch upon a tall oak tree. I was the more surprised as the Chinese Labour Battalion had only just completed their work of destroying the gun emplacements. The wood had been full of heavy guns during the war and had even then hardly settled down to normal life. Yet the cuckoo was calling loudly and as lustily as he does in April and May.—C.

"AN OX IS TAKEN BY THE HORNS."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—I hope you may care to see this photograph, which has been sent me by a friend in South-west Africa. The leader of the span,

though still only young, has a span of horns nearly eight feet across.—H. B.

CHINESE VILLAGE FOWLS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—As enormous numbers of Chinese eggs are now being exported to England, people at home may be interested to know the kind of fowls that lay them. Here, at Kiukiang, a great number of the Chinese who live round the outskirts of the city keep a few fowls, but I have seen no attempt anywhere at doing things on a large scale. A dozen cocks and hens seem to be the usual number. Contrary to what one would expect, the fowls are not nearly so mixed as on an ordinary English farm. There are two distinctive breeds here, and though there are a certain number of birds with mixed colouring, the majority are unmistakably of either buff or white variety. The white, which are much the less common, are not unlike miniature Leghorns in appearance, though rather more compact in shape. They have small upright rose combs. The buff race, which is very common in this part of China, are pretty little creatures with buff-coloured bodies and the neck hackles of a darker shade, usually orange. The cocks are generally redder than the hens, and often, indeed, approach the red jungle cock very closely in type. The very small size of the Chinese fowls is a further sign of their being nearer the original wild stock than our own breeds. I should say that most of them do not exceed 2½lb. or 3lb. in weight. As regards laying capabilities, I have been unable to collect any definite information, but imagine that Chinese hens, kept in the rough and ready way they are, must be poor layers. There is, however, no difficulty in obtaining plenty of fresh eggs at about a halfpenny each. Chinese fowls are always extraordinarily tame and friendly.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

PERSEVERANCE UNREWARDED.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—I witnessed a curious and extremely interesting incident one hot July afternoon.

Boots, the young and careless mother of two fat kittens playing on the lawn, called my attention to something climbing laboriously but with remarkable perseverance up the red brick wall of the house. At first sight, from my seat, I concluded that it was a vivid green butterfly; but, as this then struck me as rather remarkable, I got up to investigate more closely. To my surprise I found that the green part was a huge fat caterpillar, which was being carried in the powerful jaws of a small fly somewhat resembling a dragon-fly. The caterpillar was at least twice the length of the fly, and a good deal bigger in thickness. The fly was crawling laboriously up the wall, its wings beating so fast that it was impossible to see them until the fly paused to rest a moment and folded them. It had gripped the caterpillar by the neck, the rest of the long body being between its legs, which were thus able to crawl. When it was about ten feet up the wall, I touched it gently with a stick. It immediately dropped its burden, which fell to the ground. The fly then began to run about the wall in search of its prey; then it flew down a little way and again settled on the wall, crawling hither and thither, and all the while drawing nearer to the ground where the caterpillar lay. It reminded me for all the world of a dog picking up the scent of something! It certainly did not appear to see the caterpillar, otherwise it would have flown straight down to it, as it was in full view. At length the fly reached the ground, and, with a very low, angry buzz, something like that of a bee, it pounced on the insect. Once again it began its toilsome ascent, its objective appearing to be the roof; but, unfortunately, a broad guttering juts out, and the fly was unable to negotiate this obstacle. It tried again and again, falling to the ground several times, but still gripping the luckless caterpillar. It struggled gamely on until, apparently sick and tired of the job, it fell from the roof of the porch into some grass. Here it released its burden, hesitated, gripped it again, then dropped it and, with another little buzz of, I am sure, intense annoyance and disappointment, it flew up and disappeared over the roof of the house, leaving the defunct caterpillar on the ground. Can anyone tell me what species of fly it was?—DAPHNE STEWARD.

REAL EPITAPHS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—Further to the interesting example from Bakewell Churchyard given in COUNTRY LIFE of the 9th inst., your correspondent might have recalled one still more striking which is to be seen in the same "God's acre." It is cut on the moss-grown tombstone of one John Dale, barber-surgeon, of Bakewell, and his two wives, Elizabeth, daughter of Godfrey Foljambe, and Sarah Bloodworth. The inscription reads as follows:

"Know posterity! that on the 8th of April, in the year of grace 1737, the rambling remains of John Dale were, in the 86th year of his pilgrimage, laid upon his two wives:

"This thing in life might raise some jealousy, Here all three lie together lovingly; But from embraces here no pleasure flows, Alike are here all human joys and woes; Here Sarah's chiding John no longer hears, And old John's rambling Sarah no more fears; A period's come to all their toilsome lives, The goodman's quiet, still are both his wives."

—HORACE WEIR.



THE LEADER OF THE SPAN.



SENTIMENT is a considerable factor in the appreciation of art and architecture, and it is the sentiment of the past which constitutes the main lure of what is generally understood as "the Old English house." Such a term is almost generic, since it represents a type rather than the definite production of one particular period. In point of time it embraces quite three centuries, from the early fifteenth to the late seventeenth, but more especially is represented by the Tudor yeoman's house. There is no denying the beauty and the charm of it, but age has played a goodly part in this. Even a brand-new Tudor house must, however, have looked beautiful, and that beauty arose not merely from the materials used in its construction, but also from the manner of their use. To-day, if we so wish it, we may build a house in the Tudor style and be just as right as if we followed a Georgian model or essayed something in concrete and steel so modern that it could be given no lineage. But success or failure will be dependent wholly on whether the true spirit of the original has been caught. In the Old English house which has been set up at the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley by The Federated Home-Grown Timber Merchants' Association, on a site near the British Government Pavilion, the spirit is lacking and the structure therefore fails to satisfy. The description says: "This house is assumed to have been constructed in 1480, about which date there was a great impetus to the



ENTRANCE FRONT.



THE HALL.

construction of dwelling-houses by reason of the decline of the Feudal System, the rise of a strong Yeoman community, and a general increase in prosperity which continued increasingly throughout the Tudor period until the end of the reign of Elizabeth in 1603. . . . The building generally represents the house of the late fifteenth century and the alterations that took place in it up to the year 1700, and the furniture is typical of the variation in design throughout this period. . . . It represents the present-day possibilities of oak and other native timbers, and the traditions of the 'Oak Age.' Where it fails, however, as a structure, is in the mechanical look of it and a wrong sense of scale between its several parts. The half-timberwork showing on the exterior, for example, has its uprights sawn to even widths and set up at equidistant intervals; its braces are out of proportion; the roof tiling, excellent though it is as tiling, is too regular and too fine in scale; and the stack with its corbelled capping has a "thin" look which is very different from those old ones to be seen in Kent and Surrey and Hampshire. As a reproduction of an Old English house, therefore, this example at Wembley is, in the writer's opinion, not successful outside. Within, it is better, but only in the furnishing of the rooms has the spirit of the original been caught. The furniture comprises a certain number of old pieces, but for the most part it consists of reproductions, so skilfully done that only an expert eye can detect the one from the other. The credit for this is due to Messrs. Howard and Sons of Berners Street, who have taken rare models and have had them copied by craftsmen possessing a skill of hand equal to the old. This matter of reproduction raises a question about which opinions may differ, but it is well to recognise that there is a right and a wrong way to do it: the right way is that adopted by Messrs. Howard, namely, to copy a fine old piece faithfully as to form and



DINING-ROOM.



BOUDOIR.



BEDROOM.

colour and feeling, but to eschew the expedients of the fumigating chamber and the shot-gun in order to produce a fictitious look of age and use. In this Old English house at Wembley are a score of pieces that proclaim the merits of good reproduction, none more convincing, perhaps, than the set of chairs around the table in the dining-room (seen in the top illustration on this page). These chairs are reproductions of a type that was in favour about 1690-95, displaying in the legs and the richly carved cresting, etc., the French manner introduced into this country by the Huguenots. The wood is walnut, and the fine mesh of the cane backs marks the last phase in the use of this supple material—until its revival late in the eighteenth century. A close inspection of these chairs reveals the subtlety of line which constitutes half their charm. That can only be achieved by understanding as well as skill of hand, and Messrs. Howard are fortunate in having at their command a group of craftsmen who possess both these qualities.

In the great hall of the house are some interesting specimens of antique furniture; in particular the massive banqueting table with solid shaped supports of the type that succeeded the earlier trestles, with a pair of benches on either side. Beneath one window is a chest with arched panels richly carved, with a chair to right and left of it, that on the right being in oak embellished with cut-in marquetry and having a carved cresting (date about 1600), and that on the left being a chair with panelled back of the Cromwellian period. A fine carved oak court cupboard of the early seventeenth century is another noteworthy piece in the great hall.

Of the other two apartments on the ground floor, the dining-room and sitting-room, the former, in addition to the chairs already referred to, has a table of the type that was favoured about 1670, with bold, single-twist legs and plain rectangular stretchers; and also among the furniture in this room are a carved oak court cupboard of seventeenth-century type and a settle of the same period.

The sitting-room furniture offers further examples of what can be done in the way of reproduction by skilful craftsmen of to-day: some stools and tables being noteworthy. The upholstered chairs are very fine reproductions of late Carolean fashions cleverly adjusted to modern taste.

On the first floor are a boudoir and a bedroom. Centrally placed in the boudoir is a charming marquetry table on delicate twist-turned legs and having X stretchers in the style of 1675. In the foreground are an armchair in walnut of the James II period and an upholstered stool with double spiral turnery. Behind the stool can be seen a Queen Anne armchair. Centrally placed under the main window is a high-back settee in style about 1700, with a tallboy on one side of it and a bureau-cabinet on the other.

The bedroom is attractive especially for the sense of comfort it conveys, as well as style. The bed is an elegant type of the Queen Anne period, with shaped head-board and cabriole foot-posts. The winged armchair near the window faithfully reproduces a well known style of the late seventeenth century. The dressing-table is based on William and Mary designs, and its stool shows an unusual rendering of the Queen Anne cabriole.

All this furnishing has been very admirably done, and Messrs. Howard are to be congratulated on it. Their reproductions are worthily in association with fine old pieces. R. R. P.

SHOOTING NOTES

BY MAX BAKER.

In view of the somewhat mixed conditions which have marked this season's game rearing operations, I submit the following reports from districts approximately north, south, east and west. They supply a better index of results and possibilities than any attempt at generalisation could accomplish, however comprehensive. The better to appreciate the various references to weather, we may remind ourselves of the outstanding features of the season. The late winter was marked by extreme dryness and a prevalence of north and north-easterly winds. At the latter end of the week following Easter the drought broke and gave way to a period of violent storms and flooding, which continued relentlessly till June 12th, when the final burst of thunderstorms occurred. From then till July 17th perfect weather prevailed, the break thereafter having been marked by a number of local storms, occurring, however, at a time when none but the worst could severely injure game.

CUMBERLAND.

This county has suffered from cold and wet weather during the hatching season, and it so continues to the present date. Partridge broods vary from five to ten, one in particular having dwindled from the original fifteen to eight, besides maturing slowly. A few barren birds are about, but are attributable to vermin, which is a serious menace now that so much land has passed out of preservation. The single-handed keepers who remain are clearly unable to cope with the hordes of furred and feathered varieties which constantly pour in. One lives in hope that when crops are cut better conditions than are at present indicated will be revealed. The later broods and second nestings are a "wash-out," since they encountered the bad spell of weather. Early wild pheasants have done well, and hand-reared birds, which are in an advanced state of maturity, wonderfully well. This applies to a rearing field nicely sheltered on the south and south-west sides: others equally fortunate will have shared the good fortune. Hares have done well and look healthy, no pot-bellied ones having been picked up. Subject to partridges being rather thin, a fair season is anticipated.

WEST SUSSEX.

Prospects here are decidedly good. Frosty nights somewhat delayed pheasants in their laying, but when they did begin the eggs proved fertile, producing strong and healthy chicks. Losses from disease on the rearing field have been slight in extent, since but for pneumonia during the cold wet spell in early June there would have been a clean bill of health. Wild pheasants did equally well and are good, strong, healthy birds. This agreeable experience is mostly limited to the lighter and well drained soils, for on heavy land the direct effects of bad weather and the consequent disease played havoc. Birds were moved to covert in good order, but the second rainy spell brought gapes. They are now doing well, thanks to their robust condition at the start. Partridges laid well in spite of the adverse conditions, but pneumonia carried off a particular bird which was under observation just when it had commenced to sit. Eggs hatched well, and as there are some good coveys about, well grown and strong on the wing, one may hope many survived the difficult conditions. Harvest operations are backward, hence reliable estimates are impossible at the moment. Hares and wild-duck have both done well. Altogether, brighter prospects than a year ago.

HAMPSHIRE.

In spite of the worst weather many can remember, partridges have done fairly well. Those on the hills have not suffered as badly as others on lower ground; for instance a case was reported from the Fareham district where over 200 partridge eggs were washed out of nests, with pheasants' much the same. An observer in Andover records that a lot of partridges while sitting were so drenched with rain that they deserted their nests. Yet both report a few good coveys, hence those nests in the more sheltered spots gained full benefit from the succeeding spell of fine weather. Although few barren birds are about, neither partridges nor pheasants took away a high proportion of chicks, 9 or 10 out of 15 or 16 eggs being typical. A record bag is promised from a stretch of partridge ground which comprises one long hill facing south-east. When the corn is cut coveys not yet seen will turn up and so increase the at present visible supply. Early wild pheasants of necessity caught the bad time and have not done well, but the later birds, though with only three or four young ones to the brood, are looking well. The few remaining shoots where hand-rearing is practised report fairly good results, gapes and cramp having been the chief cause of losses. Steadily operating against the welfare of game is the cutting up of estates. In entire districts nearly all have been sold in small lots, or else greatly reduced in size. Farmers either have to buy their farms or turn out of the homes where probably they were born. Not one in a thousand has the capital to buy, they borrow to do so, hence many are compelled against their wish to let their shooting. Too often the tenants are syndicates composed of a very poor type of sportsmen who kill every head they can get and trust to luck or what comes on their land for another season. In the matter of vermin they recognise no obligation, so that the position becomes serious when two or three of these syndicates combine,

and in the process form a preserve for vermin. Though the wet has taken toll of hares and rabbits the balance has been favourable, but the same cannot be said of wild-ducks.

EASTERN COUNTIES.

From Norfolk, our premier shooting county, comes a cheerful report which presages a better than average season for both wild and hand-reared pheasants. The birds began to lay at the usual time, a first nest having been found on April 10th. From that date they laid regularly and went down on good clutches. These hatched out well, for seldom were more than one or two eggs left behind. Losses occurred during the bad spell of weather, but the turn to better conditions favoured the survivors and was entirely favourable to the later broods. They have grown remarkably well and the number to be seen about is a pleasant sight. During the second spell of bad weather gapes made its appearance, but with a continuance of the genial conditions which set in around August 8th they will readily throw off the complaint. Hand-reared birds have done exceptionally well, as high as 90 per cent. having hatched off on one estate. Losses were mainly caused by trampling, this because the chicks required constant brooding during the cold period. Otherwise there was no trouble, and they were ready for the coverts after six weeks; in fact, towards the end they refused to go into the coops at night. An exceptional quantity of food was required on the rearing field, but this was attributed rather to rapid growth than to scarcity of insect food. As with wild birds, gapes made its appearance when the fine spell broke, though happily it has not affected the appetites of the sufferers, which will quickly respond to the present improved conditions. Partridges have not thrived to the same extent as pheasants. On account of the long and somewhat severe winter they were backward in pairing, though first nests appeared about the usual time—in a particular case, a Frenchman's, on April 17th and an English on April 22nd. Laying was not regular, for some were sitting before others had advanced beyond one or two eggs. Eventually all had good clutches, and seventeen and eighteen were common. All went well till the thunderstorms of late May and early June, when nests were flooded and a number of eggs lost. A fair proportion appear to have remedied the mishap by nesting again, for a sprinkling of small broods has been seen, so that corn cutting may reveal a useful addition. Those which escaped the effects of the storm appear to have done well, coveys of twelve to sixteen of various sizes being in evidence. That "squeakers" will be encountered in September is certain. Wild-duck, both hand-reared and wild, have done well, especially where the first nests were gathered for incubation under hens. In these cases the second wild broods numbered from ten to twelve. All are now strong on the wing. Hares have done well and appear to be rather more numerous than last year. The season has been good for snipe, but unfortunately they do not stay long after breeding and remain away till sharp weather sets in.

NORTH-WEST MIDLANDS.

In the Cheshire district they have borne the full brunt of the abnormal spells of rainfall. Twice a certain rearing field was flooded, and on each occasion the young pheasants were rescued from drowning. Gapes and roup have been troublesome both among wild and hand-reared birds, the former being seen in but small broods. Since the turn to better conditions birds have come on nicely, and as they now go to roost will be ready to shoot in early October. Partridges are very patchy, a number of barren pairs having had their nests washed out before hatching out. Coveys average from eight to nine, and as a rule will not be ready till well on in the season. As a good deal of grass remains to be cut and corn crops are backward, shooting must in any case commence late. Hares have done fairly well, but rabbits badly on account of their burrows having become flooded. A few wild-duck, already strong on the wing, prove the hardiness of these birds; young plover and snipe are unusually scarce—in fact, one seldom encounters either species. Crows are numerous and very healthy, and some good runs will be obtainable so long as foot-and-mouth disease does not put obstacles in the way, as it did last season. Vermin, more especially the rat, is greatly on the increase, so that unless something is done to correct the removal of keepers consequent on the breaking up of estates a bad state of affairs will develop hurtful to others as well as those whose music is the crack of the gun.

Another report from a neighbouring county speaks of hand-reared pheasants having done fairly well in spite of the severe weather conditions. The particular district in question caught one of the heavy June thunderstorms, with the result that heavy losses were sustained over a wide area. Fortunately, the practice is to rear the largest possible surplus in order to counter such calamities should they arise. Where wild birds alone are depended on, results are likely to be disappointing. Partridges have been affected by the same conditions, the coveys not even ranking as moderate. Wild-duck are not much reared in this part, but where they are cramp has occasioned losses. Apart from the condition of crops the backward state of pheasants is likely to delay shooting.

THE ESTATE MARKET

ACTIVITY IN ALL SECTIONS

VERY remarkable activity is found in all sections of the Estate Market again this week, and it is encouraging to note that, in certain instances, failure to reach the reserves at auction has been speedily followed by private sales. One effect of the present animation in the market is that the lists of properties for private negotiation are getting very much shortened, and the consequent limitation of the area of choice on the part of prospective purchasers makes the outlook for intending vendors all the more promising. It all, in short, points to the certainty of a brisk autumn season. Owners who are thinking of realising should, however, lose no time in giving instructions, for so much of the success of a sale depends on plenty of advance publicity.

Major Philip Hunloke, C.V.O., has, through Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, disposed of Grendon Park estate, Surrey, as a whole, 434 acres.

Brandon Park, Norfolk, has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to a client of Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock. The mansion was enlarged some years ago, and there are 848 acres of the finest sporting ground in the county.

Sir Aubrey Briscoe has requested Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer by auction, in October, Coghurst estate, 2,500 acres, adjoining Hastings. The property includes Coghurst, twenty-five farms and small holdings, and 400 acres of woods and building sites.

Mr. Arthur Webster has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, in conjunction with Messrs. Edwin J. Gilders and Co., to offer by auction Alton Park estate, Clacton-on-Sea. The property adjoins the resort, with fine positions on the sea front and golf course, and extends to 285 acres.

The Cedars, Sydenham Hill, a freehold of 3 acres, will be offered in October.

How many of the hundreds of thousands who pass from Trafalgar Square to Whitehall have the least idea of the fact that if they would turn into Craig's Court, just a few steps only, they might see one of the most beautiful old Queen Anne mansions, Harrington House? The original staircase and some magnificent carving after Grinling Gibbons would reward them if they entered the house. With Cox's Bank, the modern structure in Portland stone, and the house in the rear, No. 2, Craig's Court, to which the founder of the firm, Mr. Richard Cox, moved his business in 1765, Harrington House is to come under the hammer of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley at Hanover Square on Friday, October 24th.

HUNTLY LODGE AND AMAT SOLD.

HUNTLY LODGE, Aberdeenshire, has been sold by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon to the tenant, Mr. Leybourne F. W. Davidson, with nearly five miles of fishing in the Deveron and grouse moors and farms, making a total area of approximately 3,400 acres. The buyer is a retired tea and rubber planter in Ceylon, and in 1919 he was Coalition Unionist candidate for Central Aberdeen, and he has been Sub-Commissioner for Agriculture for Banff, Moray and Nairn. Messrs. Davidson and Garden negotiated the sale.

Messrs. J. Watson Lyall and Co., Limited, have privately sold the residential and sporting estate of Amat and Amat-na-Tuah, in the county of Ross. The estate extends to about 2,800 acres, and is situated in the parish of Kinardine amid some of the wildest and most beautiful scenery of the Highlands, and distant eight miles from Ardgay and Bonar Bridge Station. The house, the greater part of which is modern, is comfortable, and occupies a beautiful situation on the banks of the River Carron. It is surrounded by wooded policies, and has excellent flower and vegetable gardens. From a sporting point of view the chief feature of the place is the salmon fishing in the Carron. The average catch for the last seven years is 155 fish, and in 1923 260 salmon and grilse were landed. The shootings, which consist of both grouse moor and forest, give a yearly bag of anything up to 200 brace of grouse, besides mixed game, also a few stags and roe deer. The woodlands embrace one of the few remaining untouched portions of the original Caledonian forest, and some of the trees are 250 years old.

EDGCOTE TO BE SOLD.

EDGCOTE, near Banbury, the subject of a special illustrated article in COUNTRY LIFE (January 10th, 1920, page 46) was referred to at some length in the Estate Market page recently, when Messrs. Alfred Savill and Sons announced that the fine old house (of the last decade of the reign of George II) was to be let. The property is now to be sold by the same agents. Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. are to offer it by auction shortly. The area of the estate is 2,300 acres, in a good hunting country.

Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., next Thursday (August 28th) at Hartington, near Buxton, will sell the Manor House and remaining 1,150 acres of the Beresford estate, and among their auctions in the autumn will probably be that of Slaugham Place, the modern house in the Elizabethan style, with remains of the moated manor, and 220 acres of Sussex land.

Modern country houses in the Newbury district sold by Messrs. Thake and Paginton include Winchcombe Lodge, Bucklebury, and Burfield, Highclere, and of an older date are Hill House and a Headley property, all with a good acreage.

WOOD NORTON IN 1,200 LOTS.

THE note in the Estate Market page on July 19th foreshadowed the probable fate of Wood Norton, to be pulled down, and Messrs. Perry and Phillips have issued illustrated particulars of the auction on August 27th, 28th and 29th. The mansion and land will first be offered, next Wednesday, and if not sold the structure will be submitted in 1,200 lots: first, the panelling and other items, and, lastly, the roof and walls. The vendor is Mr. Robert Fellows, to whom the property was sold, on behalf of the executors of the late Hon. Algernon H. Mills, by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. The late Sir Swinfin Eady bought Wood Norton from the Duc d'Orléans, who in 1898 had succeeded the Duc d'Aumale in the ownership. The latter spent more than £100,000 on Wood Norton, and his successor lavished money on the mansion. In 1907 the last of the notable assemblies of Royal guests at Wood Norton took place, and for some time the mansion and remaining land have been for sale at successively decreased prices, £25,000 having been quoted early last year.

COUNTRY HOUSES CHANGING HANDS.

ROWDEN ABBEY, Herefordshire, has been sold by Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock, in conjunction with Messrs. Osborn and Mercer. Rowden Abbey is a replica of a Tudor half-timbered house, containing a quantity of panelling. Included is first-class trout fishing, and the area of the property is 50 acres.

At Wickford, Essex, Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock held the sale of the Runwell Hall estate, Wickford, comprising about 1,250 acres. Of the twenty-nine lots offered, seventeen were sold for approximately £10,000. The firm has also sold Ashlawn, near Rugby, which, on June 23rd, was submitted to auction, in conjunction with Messrs. H. S. Hawley and Co., and withdrawn at £8,000, a modern residence and 36 acres.

Messrs. Dibblin and Smith have just sold Wixels, Topsham; The Mill House, Fittleworth; West Hill House, Shanklin; Rowlands Court, Lingfield (with Messrs. F. L. Mercer and Co.); Downash, Flimwell (with Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley); Larchwood, Crawley Down; Surreymere, Woldingham; and Tappington, Birchington (with Mr. C. E. Edmunds).

Sales reported by Messrs. Stuart Hepburn and Co. aggregate nearly £100,000. Among these are: Malvernhyrst, Woldingham; Rookery Wood, Horsham; Lowbrook, Maidenhead; Fotherby, Hawkhurst; Rusthall Cottage, Tunbridge Wells; Pettys, Reigate (in conjunction with Messrs. Berryman and Gilkes); and Old Parsonage, Otford (in conjunction with Messrs. F. D. Ibbetts and Co.); also the sale and letting of many town houses and flats.

FANNY BURNEY'S HOME AS OFFICES.

THE firm of Ewart, Wells and Co. has purchased, for their new West End offices, the Georgian house, No. 11, Bolton Street, Piccadilly, overlooking the courtyard of Bath House.

This residence was the home of Mme. d'Arblay (Fanny Burney), the well known authoress. Transactions to the extent of nearly £60,000 are reported by Messrs. Ewart, Wells and Co. recently, including the Colwood estate, Bolney, Sussex, which they purchased on behalf of a client for private occupation, over 200 acres, together with the mansion; a large part of Durford Wood estate, Petersfield; Caversham Hill House, Reading; Court Lodge, Fawkham, with 9½ acres, and re-sold two or three weeks ago; also No. 31, Belsize Park, Hampstead (the latter in conjunction with Messrs. Wm. Willett); also 300 acres of timber on the Ferney Hall estate, Shropshire (in conjunction with Messrs. Dibblin and Smith), which realized nearly £10,000.

Messrs. George Trollope and Sons have sold Nos. 2, Wilfred Street and 7, New Street, Westminster; 67 and 73, Eaton Square; 19, Eaton Place; and 15 and 16, West Halkin Street, Belgrave Square.

The late Sir Augustus Webster's executors have requested Messrs. Hampton and Sons to offer a further section of Battle Abbey estate early in September, at Battle. The property to be dealt with at this sale includes cottages, small houses and shops in the historic town, as well as the impropriate tithes of Battle and Ewhurst, together commuted at over £320. There will be twenty lots.

Messrs. Norfolk and Prior have let on long lease the mansion of Wilderwick, near East Grinstead. It is of stone, in 16 acres, approached by two avenue drives a mile in length, and surrounded by the park. Included in the tenancy is the shooting over the whole estate, which extends to nearly 1,000 acres.

TOWN HOUSES OF SEA LORDS.

THE late Vice-Admiral Sir George Warrender's house, No. 23, Great Cumberland Place, facing the crescent, and having very spacious reception rooms, has been sold, with the garage, by Messrs. Collins and Collins, who are to dispose of Hanover Lodge, Regent's Park, on behalf of Lord Beatty, as already announced in these columns. This very choice house was fully described and illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. xxxvii, page 590). Hanover Lodge was part of the great scheme of Regent's Park which Nash, the architect, began to carry out for George IV when he was Prince Regent. James Elmes, in "Metropolitan Improvements: or London in the Nineteenth Century," extravagantly belauded George IV for his experiments in architecture on the Crown lands in London. Those experiments would "render his name as illustrious in British annals as that of Augustus in those of Rome."

In its early days Hanover Lodge belonged to the famous Colonel Sir Robert Arbuthnot, and it is eloquent of things bygone that Elmes mentions that the house contained "a bathing room, with every accommodation for that healthful luxury for a respectable family." Rightly he praised the grounds of Hanover Lodge, still one of the choicest features of the property. Lord Beatty, or as he then was, Sir David Beatty, bought it in 1909, and got Sir Edwin Lutyens, R.A., to improve and enlarge the house. Rooms were added on the upper floor, and the ground floor was to a large extent remodelled, the general lines of the original structure being followed, and, in the case of that best of the features of the original plan, the suite of three south rooms, redecoration was only done and the rooms were not otherwise changed. The drawing-room is particularly pleasing, the bold and severe plaster rib being entirely successful, and a word of special praise must be given to the beautifully carved consoles and garlands over the doorways and on the mantelpieces. In short, Hanover Lodge is unquestionably now infinitely superior, both in its aspect and residentially, to what it was as originally built, and most certain there will be, few dissentients from the opinion that it is among the most perfect Town houses in existence to-day.

Equally well placed as regards the possession of a private garden and outlook on a beautiful open space is Stornoway House, adjoining the residence of Mr. Esmond Harmsworth, M.P., in St. James's, overlooking the Green Park. The lease direct from the Crown is for sale by Messrs. Hampton and Sons owing to the death of Mrs. Lucas. ARBITER.